

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 878.—30 March, 1861.

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* No man, who desires to understand what has caused the political trouble in the United States, should fail to read the third article. It is frank, gentlemanly, definite, and intelligible. Had all the revolutionary documents and proceedings been as honest and open, we should have had much more respect for them. But, in that case, the revolution would not have gone beyond South Carolina.

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MEDITATION ON THE DEATH OF A
CLERGYMAN.

As some tall column meets its overthrow,
And levelled in the dust reclines, at length,
In all its graceful symmetry of strength,
So manhood, in his middle years, lies low,
Singled by death from out the stateliest,
While yet he lifts his towering head elate,
And feels the firmer for the very weight
Of all that in dependence on him rest.
Ah, why should we bewail his present fall,
Though prostrate now, and basely undertrod,
If, at the Master Builder's final call,
He stands amid the upright as before,
A pillar in the temple of his God,
And from his happy station go no more.

—Poems by William Crowell, D.D.

THE LADY CAROLINE'S TEA PARTY.

"THE fair young daughter of the proud old *Huquenots*," who was so badly treated by her long-faced Northern lord, has at last been compelled, with the approval of Mother Church, to separate herself and her faithful retainers from him and his sordid vassals; and now, in the first flush and freedom of her liberty, she has asked to her board her lovely sisters. Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama have already accepted the invitation, and their examples will soon be followed by Georgia and Louisiana. The queenly Virginia will also be present, and Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. What a goodly company! In the mean time, the Lady Caroline's chivalric story has been sung by one of the sweetest of the bards who have drawn their inspiration from the Southern Cross. This charming lay, by the gifted *Hermine*, should be heard in ringing melody throughout "the broad rich lands" of the Lady Caroline—through "her mountains and her valleys, and by her borders on the sea." So be it.

THE LADY CAROLINE.

BY HERMINE.

Long years ago he wooed her—she was shy of
being won—
Sure upon haughtier maiden ne'er shone the
golden sun;
She was a fair young daughter of the proud old
Huquenots,
Who never left their friends in need, and never
spared their foes!
But at last she yielded proud consent to be his
bride,
And with her true allegiance, all her broad, rich
lands beside;
Her mountains and her valleys, her borders on
the sea,
Her heart's devoted homage and her young life's
liberty.
Then bowed the neck, though haughtily, that
never bowed before,
Willing to wear, in honor, love's yoke for ever-
more.

Royally he crowned her, with a crown of shin-
ing stars,
Robed her in a vesture, crimson, crossed with
silver bars,
Endowed her with his riches, wrote her name
upon his heart,
His throughout all ages, whom death alone might
part!
Soon she became the mother of the noblest sons
and daughters
That ever raised their father's name high up on
Honor's altars;
They bore their mother's banner in glory on the
field,
And never yet did son of hers to any conqueror
yield,
Save Death, who cut them down as reapers cut
the flowers,
To bear them proudly in his arms to brighter
realms than ours.
For years the Lady Caroline has proved a faith-
ful wife
And yielded all unto her lord, save honor and
her life.
This last is his whenever he may claim the sac-
rifice,
But her honor is her own—above all guerdon
and all price!
And now her lord, imperious, claims more than
she may give;
'Tis better far to die, than, dishonored, thus to
live—
For now he dares to threaten, where once he
bent the knee;
Is this the lady's recompense for years of loy-
alty!
Well may the haughty matron, while she lifts
her heart in prayer,
A glittering dagger clasp, and bid her lord be-
ware!
She may reclaim her dower, take back her lands
and gold,
And be once more the queenly daughter of these
sires of old.
Her children will not see her—as the years are
coming on—
Shorn of her glory, for disgrace to light upon,
And should her loved voice bid them, will point
each winged dart,
Although in bitterest agony, against their fath-
er's heart!
She may be widowed in the struggle—made
poor and desolate,
But her children's love will linger, whatever be
her fate,
And though she lose her beauty, and her lord
ne'er smile again,
The glory of her suffering will sanctify the pain.
And in her robes of mourning will she shine as
proudly fair
As 'neath the azure mantle, with the stars upon
her hair.

—New Orleans Catholic Standard.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A JANUARY DAY.

BREAKFAST is over. No, don't draw round to the fire, or I shall never get you to leave it. Throw down that *Times*; surely, you must have read its twelve pages through, from the first birth to the address of Francis Goodlake, printer, when you kept it so long at breakfast. Just look at this thermometer outside the window, as well as you can see through the crusted pane—down to twenty-one now, and only slowly rising from twelve, whereat the register shows it to have stood in the night. Of course with this on the top of yesterday's frost, the pool at the end of the fox-cover would bear an army. Up, let us go and make the first wrinkles on its maiden face, before the brave 'prentice-lads from Troborough can get their holiday and come over to spoil it.

I thought it was not for nothing that I had to break the ice in my tub up-stairs this morning, and felt my hair crackle under the brushes like a cat stroked the wrong way. Come, step out at the window, and change that atmosphere of coffee and fried bacon, for this crisp refreshing ether outside, meet for the lungs of gods and lips that press nectar and ambrosia. Never mind your hat: why, you look as reluctant about it as a certain other bare head must have been on a certain other cold January morning two hundred and twelve years ago, when it too emerged from an open window to no pleasant fate; the less pleasant perhaps now (who knows?) in that we of the sixth and seventh generation are happily no longer taught to call it Martyrdom. Small thanks "the noble army" owed us, I think, for inflicting that recruit upon them, and keeping him in their ranks by our services and calendar for two centuries. How the delusion came to last so far into these enlightened days has always been a mystery to me; a deeper mystery even than the worship of our other great martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury, who *did* die in a church—in a certain perverted sense *for* the Church—and in days when superstition was always ready with her magnifying-glass. But we, the good Protestants of the Reformation, the hard-headed proprietors of what we glory in calling English common sense, the independence of Britons, and so forth,—how came we to adopt and preserve in our ritual

that absurd piece of flunkeyism to the memory of a bad king to catch the favor of a worse? Surely, that great and glorious muster-roll of heroes is the brighter and nobler for the erasure of the names of St. Thomas and St. Charles; and I think that January may hold her head higher among months than heretofore with consciousness of having got rid of the latter imposture from her corner of the almanac.

Well, as *you* are not going to lose a head, or even a crown, perhaps you wont mind leaving off that shivering fit; a run up and down this gravel walk, heaving and boiling volcanically upwards with the frost, and crunching under our feet as though it had been macadamized by Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, will leave you warmer and happier than the very brightest of fires and the very snuggest of arm-chairs. See, here is the doctor, with a still more wonderful story of the coldness of the night; but then I have often remarked the extreme sensitiveness of his particular thermometer, which, as read by himself, falls invariably two degrees lower than its neighbors' in a frosty night, and rises as invariably on a July day three degrees higher in the shade than anybody's else in the sun. Often, too, have I wished that the delicate susceptibility of the instrument had extended itself to the owner, and rendered him more cautious of acquiring his rather weak reputation for accuracy. But at least I can believe him when he says that the pool, as he passed it, looked hard, and black, and smooth as a large slate, and I yearn like any schoolboy to go and scribble upon it.

Let us lose no time. The grease in which they have lain embalmed since last winter, must first be rubbed from our skates. Bring a gimlet and a cork to sheathe it in for fear of accidents; and now we are ready. We will just tell the girls where we are going, and I dare say they will be so many Hebes unto us, and bring us something by way of luncheon when they come down to see us in the afternoon, as they of course will; earlier we must not hope for them, there being some inscrutable cause which makes young ladies regard the going out of doors before luncheon as a crime not to be thought of in a well-regulated household, and impels them to devote their mornings to the graver and more profitable duties of worsted-work, letter-writ-

ing, and tittle-tattle. But let us not be hard upon prejudices which will to-day ensure us a supply of sandwiches; for if the ice is what I expect to find it, I tell you plainly that no earthly consideration, not the sharpest hunger, shall induce me to leave it till dark; and but for them my only luncheon would probably consist of a novel sandwich composed of Nothing, between—breakfast and dinner.

What manner of skates have you got? Ah, very good; but not quite the best. Do you remember the wonderful weapons in use for skates in our schoolboy days, before cunning artifices had invented a means whereby the iron runner might be carried backwards under the heel, by bridging over the screw which fastens the whole machine to the boot? In those days we were compelled to skate upon tiptoe with knees excruciatingly bent, and to affect perpetually a Narcissus-like attitude, making as though we would view our faces in the mirror beneath us. To skate backwards was a curious, wriggling, polyan-gular feat, very fatiguing to the crural muscles, and very liable to dash one into the position from which Mr. Thomas Sayers, that modern Antæus, so often had occasion to rise during the late fight for the championship. Then what an extraordinary complication of straps, and pads to support the straps, were wont to be heaped about the foot, till the circulation was as effectually stopped as by a *tourniquet*, and the extremities felt as if actually undergoing the operation which that instrument implies. Under these disadvantages skating was by no means that graceful and "swanlike" art to which more recent improvements in the gear have elevated it. Gradually has the whole length of the foot been ironshod, as aforesaid, heel included. The old point at the toe, so sharp, so prominent, so beautifully adapted for catching in stick, or "cat's-ice," has been rounded, and after a few foolish by-plays of fashion in the shape of swan's heads and other vanities, has finally disappeared altogether, leaving the iron to end with the wood like the keel of a vessel. The complication of straps has been simplified into one broad for the foot, and another narrow for the instep; to the rejection of an absurd substitution of springs intended to clutch the sole of the boot—a signal failure in practice. And the heel of the iron has

been assimilated to the toe, rendering one a very Janus in the feet, and as apt at retrogression as a lord of the bedchamber. But perhaps the greatest improvement in the shape of the iron keel is, that formerly entirely rectilinear save at the up-turned point, it now presents (or should present) an edge gradually curved from the centre both upwards and horizontally inwards, a much more manageable conformation to any one whose ambition extends to progressing otherwise than in the straightest possible forward line. For most of which advantages let us rejoice that we live in the latter half of the nineteenth century, nor grudge our meed of thanks to the zeal and skill of the London Skating Club.

Here we are; and what a fine wide, black floor we have got to disport ourselves upon, like a pavement of Galway marble, or a lake of frozen ink. And what a contrast to the hoary level around it—as though some one had upset the Harvey's sauce upon Nature's tablecloth. You see the hob-nail of rustic boyhood has visited this corner of it already; and at early dawn, before the demon of labor was awake, there was doubtless a merry assemblage of villagers here, "keeping the pot a bilin'," and gaining an appetite all too big for the scanty pot which was bilin' for them at home. Who is the adventurous spirit who first essays a piece of ice with deep water underneath it? Some such hero is always found for the emergency as soon as ever there is a chance that a given stream will bear; nay, even earlier still will fools rush in where angels might fear to tread but for the wings with which they are popularly furnished. I confess to a cowardice in this respect myself, and despite of knowledge of the great frost of last night, I am glad—and so I dare say are you too—of the additional evidence of safety which these pioneering feet have left us. Let us essay an humble slide or two ourselves, before we are exalted to the prouder eminence of our iron stilts: we can't hope to attain the speed or length of course of which our nail-bearing predecessors have left signs, but—there—I don't think that was such a bad attempt, and I challenge you to beat it.

What a singular attitude one has to compel one's self into while boring a hole in the heel of one's boot; and don't you always then wish that your knee-joint was inverted,

as in the hind-leg of quadrupeds? The wonder indeed is that nature has not so constructed the knees of the Dutch or the Esquimaux, or other nations to whom skating is a normal style of locomotion; and I think it not at all improbable that some future Franklin or McClintock in pursuit of an antarctic passage to the Otaheite Islands (which, as everybody knows, would be an incalculable advantage to British commerce), may discover such a race of men in the yet unexplored latitudes of the South Pole. There, I have finished mine, and am ready to lend a hand to yours. Up with your foot to the gimlet. Sing out if the iron enters into your sole. Now a stamp before we finally tighten the straps; and so we start fair together.

That preliminary burst round the pool has stretched our legs and opened our pipes, and shown us that the best piece of ice lies just under those glorious dark Scotch firs at the other end. May I have the felicity of dancing a figure of 8 with you? Here we stand, *vis-à-vis* as for a Highland reel or an Irish jig. Collect your breath and steady your eye; and now we are off. That's it; outside edge, first with right foot and then with left; in and out, and swaying with the stroke to this side and that like two pendulums; and ever round and round in a double circle, scoring time upon the ice in the similitude of an hour-glass, ourselves the sand flowing through it, as quickly, as noiselessly, and as punctually; foot, arm, eye, and swing of body keeping true harmony to a sort of physical duet with a slight *fugue* in it, for I must be just an exact demi-semi-quaver before you at the point of intersection, or a hideously discordant *cadenza*—of both performers—will be the immediate result. And so goes on our tournament—never say die;—let us see which of the two shall first begin to describe his circles wide of the primal mark, marring the symmetry of our numeral;—shall first “miss his tip,” and come up to the neck of our figure out of time, spoiling the harmony of our duet;—shall first stagger, or trip, or grow wilder in his attitudes;—all signs of approaching giddiness and windedness, and of victory to his antagonist.

Bravo! A drawn battle, I declare; for here, just in the nick of time to save either of two such heroes from owning a defeat, come *Dei ex machinâ* in the likeness of men,

—yea, in the form of the squire and the Christmas party from the hall, disappointed of the meet of the East Bullfinshire, advertised for the Park Cover this morning on trust of open weather, and scorning, like true sportsmen as they are, so much as to look at a pheasant while there is the smallest relic of last week's snow still lying in the preserves. We must needs go and welcome the lords of the soil to their own waters, and perhaps we of the cottage may be able to show them of the hall and castle a sport not very far inferior to those the loss of which they are even now lamenting.

Here they come, ladies and all, with a regular camp-following of chairs and other useful paraphernalia. Not a bad idea that, too, to bring the old rocking-chair from the nursery—a first-rate extemporary sledge! Let me give one of you ladies a run while the gentlemen are getting themselves into their skates. She comes down to the invitation, the fairest and merriest of that goodly assemblage, a guest at the hall for many past weeks of dances and cheery Christmas meetings, in-doors and out; my partner in many—too many a valse; my laughing and interested companion for many—ah, too many—a mile of jolly winter walks and rides. Down she comes to the sleigh, timid and hesitating, and begging not to be upset, but evidently trusting entirely nevertheless. Sit down; hold tight. Are you firm? Off we go, twice up and down the pool, and then stealing off up the narrow side stream where the supply of water comes in. Swiftly we wind on among the trees and shrubs, which dash past us at most exciting speed;—riding on a railway-engine is nothing to this! Up from our very feet darts the snipe as we rush on, and the heron flaps heavily away before us. Is it only the exercise that makes my heart beat so? Is it only the air that gives such color to that cheek, such liquid lustre to those deep blue eyes, as I lean—the better to push, of course—far over the back of the chair, and gaze into her face, as we fly, at the closest and most irresistible proximity, cap-feather tickling brow, and flowing hair mingled with whisker. Oh, that this stream led on for leagues—for degrees of latitude—forever! Oh, to abscond thus, and rob the squire of his niece and his nursery-chair, and skate straight on to Arcadia, or Utopia, or the Enchanted Island, and never come

back again any more! Oh, for—but that confounded sudden turn of the stream has brought us back again into the pool; and Arcadia is further off than ever, and the inquisitive eyes of broad and stern reality are staring at us from many a skating form. Yes, she tells them, she has had a delightful run, and it is so pretty up there.

Cease, ye romantic visions; be still, my thumping heart! Away, with the rest of them into figures of 3, elongated yet again into cork-screws—into the wheeling circular swoops of the “spread-eagle”—into outside edge and inside edge, forwards and backwards—into jumping and spinning and balancing in every conceivable variety of contortion; each vying with the other in achieving inaccessible attitudes, and in describing labyrinthine figures, to which not Euclid himself could discover any properties to belong, general or specific. A great scene of swinging legs, and bodies oscillating more or less steadily, and arms apparently leaning upon vacancy for support, and grasping wildly at nothing when they don’t find it. Surely, a casual visitor from the tropics would think he witnessed the playground of a lunatic asylum, or at best, in default of visible purpose to which to assign our vagaries, would suppose us conspiring to

“Pat forth a charm
Of woven paces and of waving hands,”

or celebrating some other extraordinary heathen superstition, to which the dancing dervishes would be a mere nothing in point of absurdity. Here, again, appears our doctor, of the excitable thermometer, probably on the look-out for an accident, but much more likely to present such a catastrophe in his own person, for his capers are of the most spasmodic and involuntary description, and leave him oftener prostrate than perpendicular; till it is sympathetically inquired of him by a bystander youth, whether he had not better go home and get his skates rough-shod, which methinks is no bad quip for a youngster, considering our distance from the Serpentine.

How crowded the pool has become in the last half-hour! The good citizens of Trotborough, and the lads of the celebrated grammar school of that town have gleaned tidings of the good ice to be found here, and are dropping in fast in eager groups of three

and four. Has any one a tennis-ball? Yes, here is one, and—hurrah! now for hockey! We are about forty; let us range ourselves, twenty on a side. That will do. Now we take the pool lengthways, and have a clear course of about a quarter of a mile, each side owning a narrow space, marked off at one end, as its goal. The squire starts the ball in the centre, and we plunge at once in *medius res* of the finest and most exciting game—except perhaps its kinsman, football—that England, the nursery of athletic sports, ever produced. See the ball skim along, drawing its human train, comet-like, in a stream behind it—a very small *nucleus* for so large a *nebula*. Now, a blow in the other direction, and an instant wheel of the whole body of pursuers, like a flight of pigeons at a gun-report, turning so simultaneously as to make you wink, as when one moves the bars of a Venetian blind. Anon it becomes jammed up in a dense crowd, and seems not likely to get out again immediately, and the crushing, and shouting, and rattling of sticks, grow madder and madder. Suddenly it emerges at an unexpected corner, like a fox from a cover, and with loud view-halloos we are after it again. Now see the mob condense again, and three or four are down in a striving heap with the ball underneath them. Hark! crack goes the ice: I thought a few square yards could hardly bear all that accumulated weight. See the crowd bound open as though a shell had burst within it, radiating far out in all directions, like a rallying square breaking up again into skirmishers. All right: nobody is in; but that spot must be avoided as dangerous henceforth. On again! not one goal yet. We begin to discover our champions, and to applaud them lustily as feat after feat gives advantage to either party. Look at that cunning little fellow “teedling” the ball neatly in and out of the crowd, and disappointing one opponent after another of the expected blow. Watch that slim young acrobat from the school—their captain of eleven for a hundred pounds—whose thin stick invariably, if it can get the chance, stops the ball in mid-air, high over his head or far out at arm’s length. What an eye he must have got! is he not a predestined queen’s prizeman at Wimbledon? The doctor, too, is again in full force here, with a speciality for getting into everybody’s

way, and being propelled violently out of it. See him now, after a fearful crash, rolling over and over with the unfortunate Captain Sbiskitz, of Tynck-an-Ister, a distinguished refugee staying at the hall, whose very undeceptive wig has parted company with his head, and whose black—nay, purple—whiskers and moustache resume their natural gray under the influence of a fine hair-powder of pulverized ice. But nobody heeds their woes: the pace is too good to inquire. Are we not even now driven to our last entrenchment, yea, even to our very goal-keepers? And is there not a desperate hand-to-hand fight in the actual gate of the citadel? Ha! famously done: that well-timed tap has carried the war back into the heart of enemy's country. It is Inkermann again, and the besiegers are in turn the besieged. Good, squire! Bravo, young captain of the school! Nearer he fights and nearer;—there is only one more champion left them to be encountered and passed. A sharp collision and a recoiling fall to both heroes, and the ball rolls gently between the goal-marks. First game to our side.

What a jolly, hearty, thoroughly English scene! Yes, thoroughly English, to the total exclusion even of Scotch claims. When was ever an equal company of that stolid, calculating race known to disport itself with one-quarter of the noise and energy, and racy animal enjoyment, which are rampant here? With all his immense advantages of broader lake and harder winter, what is our northern brother's treatment of ice? The magnificent sheet of glass covering his loch is, for all purposes of hard exercise and physical enjoyment, entirely lost upon him; he heeds it no more than the Cornish fisherman in pursuit of the little pilchard heeds some gigantic dog-fish which finds its way into its meshes. A small oblong space, exactly twenty-five yards by ten, marked off at one corner of the loch, or even—more churlish still—a ditch of the required dimensions, which he has hewn laboriously for himself close by, ready to be frozen in due season—this is the fish for his net; within these arbitrary limits is concentrated his every idea of glacial enjoyment. Give him but with it a few rounded and polished stones with metallic handles, and there is all the advantage that he will care to take of Nature's wintry bounty. For Curling is a Scotchman's highest ideal of excitement.

Our game of bowls is a stupid, lazy, not very manly game, good only as one in which ladies can join, or in the very most languid and overpowering of July days. But to give up one's necessary exercise in winter—nay, more, such great fun as skating is giving us to-day—for what is but bowls adapted to a slippery surface; to reduce and constrain the natural strength of the arm into propelling for a few yards only a lump which a child could make to slide four or five times the distance, perverting the very end and object of open-air amusements, which I take to be an increase of strength, local or general, muscular or constitutional; to stand by and watch the course of a stone, wrapped up the while in voluminous plaids and pendant Inverness inventions, gaining therefrom an unwholesome external warmth in place of that glowing expansion of the internal vital heat which strong exercise induces, and smothering the fire of life into dull embers with woollen curfews, instead of fanning it into a bright, brisk flame with air and free vent and exciting motion; and all this in glorious, dry, bracing weather, which regularly pushes you from your footsteps, and gives a new spring to every thew and sinew of the body; in pure air which seems to bathe and wash you inside and outside, as you dash full against it with breast and face;—what English nature could endure this? And should not the nature which *can* endure it, among such glorious opportunities of better things, be condemned to the atmosphere of Bœotia or Thames Street, as an unfit denizen of its native moors and lochs and mountains?

What is it in the Scotch nature so diametrically opposite to ours? I grant you that your Highlander is a fine active fellow, ready to take his thirty-mile trot over the mountains, and delighting in "putting" the heaviest weights, in foot-races, in dancing you down at a reel, and other feats of strength and agility. I give you in the Highlander, *he* is a fine fellow. But your Lowlander! We have seen his winter's *summum bonum*, what doth he in the summer? He taketh with him seven other spirits more gloomy than himself, and they lounge to the nearest "Links," to some fine open heath or tract of moorland, again suggestive of activity and spacious roaming, as one would suppose, to the very dearest soul. But not to

them; oh dear, no! Each bears a little ball and a little curved stick, and they make, or find made, a series of little holes in the ground, and then, with the little stick each in turn hits the little ball several blows, harder at first and gradually softer, till it is safe in the little hole, and then—does it again! And this is Golfing, and Golfing and Curling are the two national games of Scotland, which have their clubs, and matches, and champions, and their crowds of betting spectators, and their great popular excitement, just as cricket, and foot-ball, and rowing, and such athleticisms have in England. Did you ever see a Lowlander run? I have at different times spent many months in the Lowlands, and I cannot recall that I ever did. Did you ever see him laugh? I have seen him grin, and chuckle, and sneer, but laugh—never. I should as soon expect to hear a Hottentot with the whooping-cough!

What is it that produces this want of heartiness and cheer in the Scotch character? Is it oats? I incline to think it is. To be sure oats are popularly supposed to have a very opposite effect upon horses, but then they form a hilarious and nutritive viand as compared to grass, the staple of equine diet, though scarcely so to flesh or even to wheat. It may be urged, too, that the human consumption of the grain in question is very much diminished in Scotland in these latter days of civilization; but it is not in a generation that national peculiarities are formed and a national character acquired; and I think that these idiosyncrasies of the present race of Scotchmen may be fairly attributed, in part, to the stronger avenging propensities of their forefathers.

But what is the crowd and excitement in that corner of the pool? Come up and see. Some thing under the ice—a duck. Poor wretch;—benevolent man, to alleviate its wintry woes, has broken it a hole down to its favorite element, but not content with that moderate concession to its nature, it must needs go the entire duck, and take to diving, and has of course missed the hole in coming up again. Quick! seize that stone and break another hole over its head. No, the ice is too thick. Again, again;—it is through at last, but the duck is far away by this time. What can be done for it? One finds one's self calling "here, here," and tempting it towards the hole with gestures,

as one would a dog, as though it could hear, or hearing understand. No, it is hopeless; the duck must drown. Look at the poor thing's frantic and puzzled efforts to break through what it can see through so clearly, as it takes fresh dives, and returns to charge the invisible barrier with new force, like a bumble-bee at a pane of glass. How it must be hurting its unfortunate head, a very tender battering-ram for so hard a prison wall. If it would only stun itself outright I think it would best be consulting its own miserable interests. Ah! come away, it is bad to see prolonged agony when one can neither save nor kill. Yes, my good woman, your duck is lost,—no, not entirely lost to you either, let us hope, for drowning cannot injure it for culinary purposes, and there it will stay till the thaw, embalmed in the ice, like a fly preserved in amber. Your bread is but cast upon the waters; you will find it after many days.

What should you or I do, friend, were we as this duck? Can you imagine a more horrible death—a more awful despair till the death came? To be swimming for life, where life cannot be. To see the very air for which you are gasping only three inches from your lips, but hopeless of reaching it—a Tantalus with the elements reversed. To see the world above—the warm sun—friends eager to help you—nothing visible to prevent your stretching out your hand and being safe; but as surely drowning as though an Atlantic rolled over you. Would one lie still and despair, or would one struggle on and fight and hope against hope? Would any presence of mind at all be left in that dreadful moment? The duck seemed to have none, and how should we keep any, whose nature boasts but a very small share of the amphibious? Had I any, I think I should swim to the nearest bank, or to some known shallow, and there with feet on the ground try to heave a hole in the ice by main strength of shoulder; for one could be a very Atlas in such an emergency. If that failed, I hope consciousness would fail with it. A grave of water and a tombstone of ice would be one's remaining portion in this world.

Just look at the ladies, though! What sudden impulse has moved them to walk out to us, and right across that broken place where everybody fell down just now? We

must stop them at once, or they will all be in the water. Shout with me—once more, your loudest: but they can't hear it above the noise of the hockey-players. I must skate straight to them across the weak ice, there's no time to go round. There I go; I am in, of course; but never mind, they see me, and hurry back to land. All but one;—well, there are feeling and courage to be noted down in addition to all those other charms which I know so well already. There she stands, brave girl, pale and determined, treading cautiously onwards, with parasol outstretched towards me, really under the impression that she can save me so, and certainly ready to try it at all risks. No, go back, Edith (by Jove! I've called her by her Christian name), please go back; I am in no danger, and you will break the ice afresh and fall in yourself. A loud crack convinces her, and she retires.

I shall soon be out; it is only to raise myself on to the surface, and then crawl away. No, that won't do, though; when I throw my weight upon it, it breaks up into little islands too small to support me, and I am obliged to swim on to the nearest point of continent, and swimming in skates is not easy, with the flat of one's sole fined off into a point, and giving the feeling as of one that beateth the air. There is no help for it; I must hang on here till I am helped out. What hard work it is holding on with this heavy coat soaked through, and how very cold I begin to feel. I wish they would make haste with that ladder which they are preparing so elaborately; what a century they take in tying that rope to it. It would sound cowardly to shout to them to make haste, but I am as heavy as a megatherium now, and my arms are getting numbed and losing all their strength. Yes, I am really letting myself gradually sink; I can only just keep my chin out of water now; I feel as if I had no legs at all, nothing but a sort of dull pain hanging down under me in the water; surely, there are no sharks in the squire's pool! What, the rope unfastened again? Make haste, make haste, I can't hold on much longer! There, I knew I should set the ladies screaming if I called out. Now it comes; how slowly they push it; it really won't be in time. Faster, faster! Ah—h! I clutch it at last, eagerly as the proverbial straw. Hold tight, some one says; yes, no

danger of my not doing that; crabs' claws are nothing to my hands now, the only parts of me, except the head, not numbed beyond sensation. I manage to weave my arm in and out of the ladder, and it would take a good many wild horses to drag me off it. Now pull. I revive to a recollection that I have ribs, by feeling them nearly stove in as the ice bumps and breaks against the ladder and me. At last it is firm, and I am out of water, and safe. Can I walk? No, I must still bear comparison with the same shellfish, and elsewhere than in the hands. Now I begin to feel that I don't terminate abruptly at the waist; and now I can stand. Help me home, will you? like a good fellow. I shall be better presently; only make me run, and I shall soon be able to walk. I'll thank you, squire, and all the rest of you when I am warmer and drier.

Who is it that throws her shawl over my shoulders as I stagger off, and tells me—with a break in her voice—that I look like Mr. Pickwick? And why do I feel so suddenly warmer, and more equal to the run homewards, in spite of being by this time encased in a panoply of icy armor, as stiff and unmanageable as the full morning-dress of a walking advertiser? I don't think I shall catch cold after that warm retreating glance. However, fortunately our cottage is not far off. John, bring up the brandy bottle, and all the hot water in the house, and put my bath as close as possible to the fire. And so gradually ceases a species of delirium tremens which has seized my lower jaw, under the influence of specifics, one of which at least is unusual for that complaint; and I sit and acquire unto myself caloric, internal and external, finally expelling any possible lingering chill with that unfailling panacea for the woes of man—a pipe. Well, it is worth while to have been chilled through and through for the pleasure of being thawed through and through after it; the sort of pleasure which I should think a tree must feel when spring comes and it begins to grow again.

What a delusion is the common belief that when one is in danger all the salient events of one's past life run through the memory in a few seconds? That one thinks very fast just then is perfectly true, but from my experience lately gained, it seems to be not the memory but the inventive faculty that

is employed, the mind being entirely occupied with revolving all the various schemes of escape, possible and impossible. I admit that as I hung on to the floor of ice, like the cherubim in Raphael's pictures (and with just as much consciousness of lower extremities), there was one thought based upon the past, not occupying any distinct place in the order of thoughts, but floating about independently like a tune, and mixing itself with them all—the thought of Edith, with her ordinary gentleness and timidity, and her wonderful pluck in emergency. But with such an exception of a powerful impression able to force its way in against the strongest instinct of human nature, it seems to me that it is not till one is quite safe again, and the engrossing instinct has fulfilled its mission and is gone, that that flood of recollections, of which people talk, dashes into the void. Then all one's various ties to life pass before the mind with wonderful quickness, mixed with involuntary speculations as to the results probable if they had been suddenly snapped. It is this overwhelming sense of all that one has escaped, oftener, I take it, than any physical weakness from over-exertion, that makes many a strong mind reel, and many a strong body faint, after danger. No one ever faints during danger, except from the accident of concomitant pain; the mind is a great deal better occupied. But I don't mind confessing now, that about what time the necessity for physical swimming ceased, a strong inclination for a mental process of the same name and nature began; and that it was only a strong sense of the ridiculousness of the proceeding that enabled me successfully to resist it.

Now reach down that venerable folio from the shelf, and let quaint naïve old Stow tell us how his generation disported itself on ice, and how skates were made before iron had achieved its present adaptability to all the wants of man. His account is, you will see, a translation from the Latin of *Fitzherbert*.

"When that great Moorish Lake at the North part of the City wall is frozen over, great companies of young men goe to sport upon the yce, then fetching a runne, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sidewise, they slide a great way. Others take heapes of yce, as if it were great Mil-stones, and make seats; many going before, draw him that sits

thereon, holding one another by the hand; in going so fast, sometime they all fall downe together; some are better practised to the yce, and binde to their shooes, Bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold Stakes in their hands, headed with sharp yron, which sometimes they strike against the yce; and these men goe on with such speed, as doth a Bird in the Aire, or Darts shot from some warlike Engine: sometime two men set themselves at a distance, and runne one against another, as it were at tilt, with these Stakes, wherewith one or both parties are throwne downe, not without some hurt to their bodies; and after their fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance one from another; and wheresoever the yce doth touch their head, it rubs off the skin and bruise it: (*totum decorticat*, Fitzh!) and if one fall upon his leg or his arme, it is usually broken: But young men being greedy of honour, and desirous of victory, doe thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battels, that they may beare the brunt more strongly, when they come to it in good earnest.*

How thoroughly the fine old fellow understands the object of athletic sports, which I rejoice to see at last beginning to be appreciated again in our own day. And isn't his idea of the correct attitude for sliding delightful, and the *sang-froid* with which he talks of a flayed face or a broken leg! I wonder if any museum preserves a specimen of those bone skates, and how they were fastened to the shoe: the conventional spike must have been an impossible adjunct, and tight binding the only means of cohesion; even as I have seen the present representatives of Uncas and Chingachgook carefully hammer the spikes and screws out of modern skates, and then strapping them under moccasins little thicker than the cover of *Fraser's Magazine*, scud lustily over their frozen lakes. But of course an outside edge or any of the elegances of skating are beyond the power of gear so ill-secured, and even a sharp turn would have a strong tendency to reverse the relative positions of skate and foot, to their mutual disadvantage.

It was dusk when we left the pool, and it is quite dark now; and here come home all the rest, hurrying in from a snow-storm which has considerably postponed till now the rites of sepulture which it has long been

* *The Survey of London*. By John Stow. Page 713. Ed. 1633.

meditating for our ice, and permitted it as long a life, and eke as merry, as it conveniently could. No more skating while this frost lasts; and the myrmidons of the squire's ice-carts, whom I spied lurking in ambush behind the trees as we came away, may now wreak their mischief on the pool without drawing down our to-morrow's malisons on their heads. Needs not to tell of the special messenger from the Hall, with a round-robin of thanks from all the ladies for their safety, the said bird professing to be the first instalment only. Less need still to tell of the other and weaker attempt at

thanks carried back by the messenger as his "return fare," which is neither round nor a robin; indeed what robin—or what nightingale—could worthily sing of the kindness and bravery to which it is therein alluded.

Well, I must say that I feel most voluptuously comfortable, and have a huge appetite for dinner. And don't you find yourself a healthier and a happier man, and see cause to bless me for forcibly abducting you to air and exercise, from your miserable scheme of wasting this glorious day in peevish pokings of the fire, and helpless shiverings over the newspaper?

T. G. F.

"TO WHOM MUCH IS GIVEN."—I have seen Laura Bridgman, whom God sent into this world without sight, hearing, or the power of speech. She could see nothing, hear nothing, ask nothing. To her the very thunder has ever been silence, and the sun blackness. The tips of her fingers and the palms of her hands have been her eyes and tongue. Yet that poor sickly girl knows much of the earth, and language, and numbers; of human relationships and passions; of what is, has been, shall be, should be; of sin, and death, and hell; of God, and Christ, and heaven. And all this has gone through the poor child's slender fingers, darkly feeling the fingers of another; and thus she tells her hopes, and fears, and sorrows. And if she, groping so blindly for the Saviour, finds him, and rests her weak hands on his lowly head,—that blessed head which bows lowly enough even for this,—oh, how will she rise up in judgment (Matt. xii. 41, 42) and condemn with utter overwhelming, you, O sinners! upon whose soul every sense is pouring the knowledge of God, while your eyes read his holy word, and your ears hear, a thousand times over, these tidings of great joy,—even the glorious gospel of the blessed God! (1 Tim i. 11.)—*Dr. Hoge.*

THE PELICAN FLAG.

FLING to the Southern wind

The banner with its type of motherhood;
Home, hearth, and friends within its folds we bind

In one strong, mighty cord of brotherhood.

Waft it, O Southern breeze!

To the deep measure of true patriot songs,
And bid our sunny land and surging seas
Swell the war chorus of a people's wrongs.

Kiss it, O Southern sun!

With the life-kiss which thrilled the desert
stone,

And let prophetic murmurs from it won,
Nerve brave, high souls to stern, heroic tone.
Guard it, O Southern heart!

As the dear love-light of each home and
hearth;

A mystic strength the ruby drops impart
To him who battles for his natal earth.

From deepest trance we rise;

No need to ask the watchman of the night,
The lurid gleam within yon eastern skies
Is no true harbinger of morning light!

Yet bright enough to mark

Records of broken trust, and traitorous deed,
To watch the dragon's teeth, sown thro' the
dark—

To meet the sprouting of the cursèd seed.

And with no craven fears,

But in the calm, proud majesty of right—
No dastard brood the Southern mother rears—
To quail before the Hydra in its might.

Fling the loved banner forth

To the bright baptism of the sun and sky;

Waft in its folds the deep and solemn oath

To guard our hearths, or for their warm light
die.

O God of battles, hear!

In this enforced, most unrighteous strife,
Raise up some leader who, with deeds of cheer,
Shall win our Pelican's prouder life—

Win it 'midst war's alarms,

Where the rich heart-tide pours like summer
rain,

High o'er the dying sighs—the clang of arms—
Those patriot sighs shall breathe one deep
amen!

And blest by woman's prayers,

And by men's vows, and children's hopeful
love,

Float forth, O banner, till our mother wears
The cloudless radiance of her sky above!

—*New Orleans Sunday Delta.*

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Natural History of Dogs.* By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith. (Naturalist's Library.) 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1839.
2. *Choice Notes from "Notes and Queries : Folk-lore."* London, 1859.

"ON n'a dans la vie qu'un chien," writes M. Alphonse Karr, "comme on n'a qu'un amour." Those who are sufficiently hardened to dispute the second proposition will probably extend their scepticism to the first; but there is a sense in which it is undoubtedly true that a man may have but one dog belonging to him, although he must perhaps, first of all, become a hero. Sir Tristrem may have possessed many a "good greyhound" besides Hodain; but only Hodain's name has floated down the stream of tradition and romance in close association with that of his master. The canine "following" of Sir Walter Scott was throughout his life an extensive one. The names of many good creatures are preserved in Lockhart's delightful pages; but it is only Maida whose figure is really familiar to us, and who, "der leiblung hund von Walter Scott," appears on the lids of German snuff-boxes, and on the image-trays of wandering Italians. Certain dogs are thus raised into celebrity by the side of their masters; and a long catalogue of such canine worthies might easily be recorded, whose merits appear to us to have been somewhat neglected, and to whom we propose to dedicate our present labors. Numberless are the excellent and virtuous animals whose good deeds are celebrated in collections of canine anecdotes, and in essays on canine instinct. We say not a word in their dispraise. They may possibly have been better members of society than many of the dogs whose names have been sung by poets and recorded in history; but with them we are little concerned at present. The wheel of fortune may be as capricious in its revolutions, and the trump of fame send forth its blasts with as uncertain justice in the world of canine society, as in that of mortal men. Dogs, like their masters, may sometimes be elevated into heroes with but slender reason. Many a terrier and many a hound whose lives are passed in obscure retirement may be as worthy as Bran or Hodain:—

"We trust we have within this realm
Five hundred good as they;"

but "carent vate sacro." No poet has sung them, and no historian has chronicled their deeds. Their virtue must remain its own reward. Our business is with those dogs who, with whatever justice, have attained the summit of renown; though we propose, whilst glancing on our way at the history of the race—a subject which has been laboriously discussed by Colonel Hamilton Smith in the book whose title is placed at the head of this article—to dwell at greater length on what in effect is too closely connected with that history to be altogether separated from it—the position of the canine race in the mysterious world of "folk-lore."

Whilst animals "*feræ naturæ*"—the true "wild deer" of forest and mountain—take their places in this shadowy region in accordance with their most conspicuous qualities, and are represented as either entirely good or entirely bad—ill-omened or the reverse—it is remarkable that the domesticated animals, and especially the horse and the dog, which, in all ages, have been the close companions of man, are made, both in legend and romance, to partake as it were of the mixed nature of man himself, and appear sometimes in close connection with the hosts of evil, and at others, not less conspicuously, as supporters of all that is good. Between such a demon steed as carried off the Witch of Berkeley, and the snow-white charger on which St. Iago sometimes appeared at the head of the Spanish chivalry, it would not be difficult to trace the connecting links of a long chain, toward the centre of which we should place the Phouka of Ireland—the sea-horse, half-mischievous, half-playful, occupying the same place in animal folk-lore that the mischievous elves themselves do in the world of spirits. In the same manner the cat descends from the Egyptian divinity—the moon-eyed Pasht or Bubastis, through the ingenious friend of M. de Carabas, and the worthy companion of Whittington, to Ruterkin—the sable familiar who disported himself among the strawberry-beds of old Agnes Flower, the famous witch of Suffolk. But as, of all domestic animals, the dog has always been most closely the friend and companion of man, it is in his history, and in the folk-lore connected with him, that the greatest variations occur, and that the two characters may be most distinctly traced.

Throughout the East, where the dog wanders in troops, neglected and savage, his name has been a term of reproach from very early, if not the earliest, times. We are all familiar with this application of it in the sacred writings; in which, indeed, the dog is always regarded as an animal mysteriously unclean. The worst points of canine nature are brought into strong relief among the packs of gaunt, wolf-like hounds which prowl through the streets and under the walls of every Eastern city, and "make night hideous" with their howling. Thus encountered, the dog is in truth no very attractive creature; and seems fully entitled to the unenviable position he occupies in Oriental metaphor. Yet the nobler qualities of the dog—his fidelity and sagacity—must have been recognized from the first. In all the Indo-European languages, his name, like those of the cow, the sheep, and the horse, belongs to the most primitive class of roots; a sufficient proof that he must have been one of the domesticated animals of the great Aryan family in that primeval period before the dispersion of its several branches, and the consequent formation of new dialects. There is, indeed, one very ancient story which occurs under slightly varying forms in the folk-lore of the most widely separated countries and races, and which, in all probability, belonged in its original shape to the same remote period. This is the story which, in its Welsh version, records the services and unhappy end of the faithful hound Gelert; whose last "bed"—"beth Gelert"—may be seen in the shape of a long green mound by the traveller who descends the vale of Gwynant in Caernarvonshire. Mr. Dasent, in the very interesting introduction prefixed to his collection of Norse legends, has pointed out (as, indeed, Douce in his Shakspearian notes had done before him) the great antiquity of the story of Gelert; and has traced it upwards through the Latin "*Gesta Romanorum*," the Arabic original of the "*Seven Wise Masters*," and Bidpai's fables, to the Hitopadesa and the Pancha-Tantra. We fear, however, that it is not possible to insist on this story in proof of the primitive recognition of canine virtue; since, although a dog is its hero in all its western forms, he is not found in the two most ancient versions. In the Hitopadesa, the infant's guardian, whose

own life falls a sacrifice to his fidelity, is an otter: in the Pancha-Tantra, a magnouete.* With a passing recognition of Gelert, therefore, as one of the best and worthiest of his race, we must be content to find our earliest proof that canine merit and canine society were duly appreciated in the East, in those models of favorite dogs—the ancient pets of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon—which are frequently brought to light during the excavations of the Assyrian palaces. Some of these from the hunting-palace of Esarhaddon at Nineveh may be seen in the British Museum; and show us a large-headed dog of the St. Bernard character, with the tail curled upwards over its back. A collar of leaves, or of leather or metal wrought into the form of leaves, is sometimes about the neck; and the name of the dog, generally a word indicative of its hunting prowess, is inscribed on the model. Such were the old-world hounds whom the king delighted to honor: the earliest existing illustrations of canine favoritism; unless, indeed, we are prepared to accept as a portrait of a still more primitive pet the rough Isle of Skye terrier which lies curled up at the feet of Adam and Eve in Breughel's delightful representation of Paradise, now in the Academy at Brussels.

The contrast between ancient Egypt, where the dog was everywhere admitted as a household companion, and modern, where the Moslem prejudice against him is in full operation, and where to salute your enemy as "a Jew's dog," the lowest canine caste, is the very climax of insult, is sufficiently marked. But even the Mahometans, whilst they shrink from his touch as defilement, are compelled to recognize the courage and fidelity of the dog. He, moreover, is lifted into the region of the supernatural by no less an authority than the Korân. Three animals, and only three, are admitted to share the joys and the repose of Mahomet's paradise:—the camel on which the Prophet rode during his famous flight from Mecca; the ass of Balaam; and Kitmer, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, who with his masters entered the cave in which year after year they lay wrapped

* It should be remarked that, in both these versions of the story, the assailant of the child is a serpent: in the Welsh legend it is a wolf which is destroyed by Gelert. The primitive story has thus been fully adapted to the condition of the country in which it is found.

in mysterious slumber, who fell asleep with them, and who, with them, was at last raised to receive the reward of his care and fidelity. The Mahometan legend asserts* that, as the seven youths were on their way to the cavern in which they intended to take refuge from their heathen persecutor, they passed Kitmer, and attempted to drive him away; upon which "God caused him to speak: and he said, 'I love those who are dear unto God; go to sleep, therefore, and I will guard you.'" So Kitmer "stretched forth his forelegs in the mouth of the cave," and during his sleep of three hundred years turned himself from side to side like his masters, "lest their lying so long on the ground should consume their flesh." The utmost stretch of covetousness is expressed in the East by a saying that the miser "would not throw a bone to the dog of the Seven Sleepers;" whose name, written on letters which have to cross the sea, acts as a talisman to preserve them from miscarriage. The especial rewards prepared for Kitmer in the paradise of the Prophet are unfortunately not recorded; but it is satisfactory to know that this good creature, before disappearing from the region of middle earth, had taken measures for leaving a progeny behind him, by which his size and his virtues are still represented. According to Turkish tradition, Kitmer was a "Samsûn," or shepherd's dog, as large as an ass. His direct descendants are greatly prized by the wandering races of Turkestan and the great pas-

* Korân, chap. xviii. "The Cave." The Christian tradition, from which Mahomet borrowed his version, will be found, with some very graphic details in the "Aurea Legenda" of Jacques de Voragine. According to it, the sleepers were Christian youths of Ephesus, who fled to the cave to avoid the persecution of the Emperor Decius. Their dog is a purely Arabian addition. It is perhaps worth remarking that another tradition of Ephesus asserted that St. John the Evangelist, who was buried there, was only asleep in the tomb which he had prepared for himself; and that the earth above his grave moved with his respiration. (Augustine, Tract. in Joann.)

The story of the Seven Sleepers was localized in more than one country. Paul the Deacon (de Gestis Langobard. l. 4) asserts that the "Seven Sleepers of Germany" lie in a cave under a lofty rock on the sea-shore. Their dress is Roman, and continents uninjured by time. The arms and hands of one who wished to steal their clothes withered away. (So the Caliph Moâwiyah sent men into the cave at Ephesus who were struck dead by a burning wind.) "Fortasse," concludes Paulus Diaconus, "horum quandoque (quia non aliter nisi Christiani esse putantur), gentes illæ prædicatione salvandæ sunt."

ture steppes of Central Asia; and Evliya Effendi, the Turkish traveller of the seventeenth century, asserts that, in the three days' procession of trades which passed before the Sultan at Constantinople, Kitmer's representatives, "of the size of asses, and fierce as lions from Africa," were led along "in double or triple chains," covered with trappings of rich cloth, and wearing silver collars and "neck-rings." "They assail," says Evliya, "not only the wolves which enter the stables and folds, but dragons also . . . they go into the fire . . . and chase the eagle in the air, and the crocodile in the river. They perform every thing they are told to perform; and if bid to do so, will bring down a man from horseback, however stout a fellow he may be." "The shepherds," he concludes, "look on them as their companions and brethren, and do not object to eat out of the same dish with them."*

"The Greeks," says Mr. Ruskin, in his most recent volume, "seem hardly to have done justice to the dog. My pleasure in the entire Odyssey is diminished because Ulysses gives not a word of kindness nor of regret to Argus." Not a word: but had the ingenious author of "Modern Painters" forgotten what he did give him?—

" . . . αὐτὰρ ὁ νόσφεν ἰδὼν ἀπομόρξατο
ἔκρυπτο

Πεῖρα λαθὼν Εὐμαίων . . .

"Odysseus saw, and turned aside

To wipe away the tear;

From Eumæus he chose his grief to
hide. . . ."

†

The pathos of the scene is, in our judgment, greatly deepened by the fact that Odysseus could not possibly give his well-remembered hound "a word of kindness or regret," without the risk of his own instant recognition by Eumæus. There is no "chase to hide" in the original. The son of Laertes had, in fact, no choice in the matter. The dog, it is true, is but rarely noticed, and seldom favorably, by the later Greeks; but this one picture—the most ancient canine portrait in literature—is also perhaps the finest. Certainly the entire passage is one of the most touching in Homer. "The words, too, are so calm and still—they seem to grow faint and

* Travels of Evliya Effendi (trans. by Van Hammer for the Oriental Translation Fund), vol. i. p. 146.

† Maginn's Homeric Ballads. "The Dog Argus."

fainter ;—each foot of the verse falls as if it were counting out the last respirations ; and in effect we witness that last slight and fluttering breath with which life is yielded up :—

“ ‘ Ἀργὸν δ’ αὖ κατὰ Μοῖρ’ ἔλαβεν μέλανος θανάτου
Αἰτίκ’ ἰδὼντ’ Ὀδυσσεύς ἑκουστὴν ἐνιαντῶ. ’ ” *

Dr. Maginn, who gave a translation of this famous passage among his “Homeric Ballads,” compares with it, of course greatly to Southey’s disadvantage, the lines from “Roderick” which describe the recognition of the repentant Gothic king by his hound Theron. The hound Theron and the man Roderick, we may admit to be far inferior to the hound Argus and the man Odysseus. But we cannot allow that canine instinct is always instantaneous, and that Southey’s picture of the dog eying his master “long and wistfully” is, therefore, a false one. No one who has been accustomed to good canine society will doubt that this gradual recognition is quite as true and as natural as the immediate discovery of the shepherd of the people by Argus, “ὡς ἐνόησεν Ὀδυσσεύς ἔγγυς ἑόντα ;” although the latter may possibly indicate a stronger and more noble nature.

Passing from the old world of Southern Europe to the fresh and free life of the North, we find ourselves at once in the company of those stately deerhounds which rank with the noblest and most intelligent of dogs, and which a Welsh triad classes among the three “signs of a gentleman”—the other two being his horse and his hawk. Sir Walter delighted to point out how Maida—the most famous of all these dogs, although his descent was scarcely irreproachable—would station himself, in the pursuit of game or on the look-out for it, just at those points of the landscape where his figure “told” most picturesquely ; suddenly appearing at the entrance of some narrow glen, or “detaching” himself against the sky on the crest of some long ridge of heather. It is indeed impossible to imagine a creature more completely in harmony with the hunting-grounds of the Old North—deep forests, with their endless “shade of melancholy boughs”—gray trackless moorlands—or long mountain ranges, with their glens, and torrents, and precipices ; and the picture of King Arthur’s hunt over the heaths of Tintagel, or among the woods of Caerlion, would scarcely have been complete had the romance-

* Gladstone’s “Homer,” iii. 410.

writers failed to supply the “clear-faced king” with such a follower as Cavall—the “hound of deepest mouth,” for whose bay-ing, as the Laureate tells us, Guenever listened as she halted with Geraint on the knoll above the water of Usk. Very famous was Cavall, and numberless his deeds of “derring do” in pursuit of wolf, boar, and red deer. Whilst hunting the “wild boar of Troynt,” Cavall left the print of his paw on a certain rock, which afterwards became as famous throughout Breconshire as St. Mildred’s footprint in the Isle of Thanet, or the hoofmark of Mahomet’s camel at Mecca. King Arthur caused a heap of stones to be piled about the rock—itsself a loose fragment ;—for, said the legend, if it was carried off to any distance, it was sure to be found in its old place on the following morning. One of the Breconshire mountains, near the little town of Rhayader Gwy, is still known as “Carn Cavall ;” and Lady Charlotte Guest, in illustration of the remarkable “Mabinogi” of Killweh and Olwen, which preserves the full story of the boar of Troynt, has engraved a stone from one of the cairns with which the summit of the mountain is covered, marked by an oval indentation so closely resembling the print of a dog’s paw as to compel every worthy student of romance to recognize it as a relic of King Arthur’s hound.* Whether Cavall himself was subsequently laid to rest under this cairn, or whether he followed his master to the enchanted Isle of Avalon, is left uncertain. At any rate he was not less worthy of admission to an “equal sky” with his lord than Gorban, the white hound of the Welsh bard Ummud, who, in the lament which he poured forth for his old companion in the chase, declares that they would meet again, dog and master, “on the clouds of their rest.”

Memorials of a different character occur in various parts of Scotland, of a hound whose reputation is second to none in the whole catalogue of canine worthies,—Bran, the companion of Fingal, and himself deserving of a place among the Fingalian heroes. Bran must have been a troublesome hound, and in size must have far exceeded the gigantic Kitmer, if such very substantial stakes as those which are known as “Bran’s Pillars” were indeed necessary for

* Mabinogion, vol. ii. p. 360.

keeping him in order. The best known of these is the isolated mass of rock on the seashore near Dunolly Castle, to which Fingal is said to have tied up Bran during his own fight with a chief of the "black Danes." "White-breasted Bran" was the best of the "nine great dogs" and the "nine smaller game-starting dogs" which always accompanied Fingal on his hunting expeditions. The "surly strength of Luath"—another of Fingal's dogs—is duly celebrated in Gaelic tradition, but he was not so perfect or so graceful as Bran:—

"With his hind leg like a hook or bent bow,
His breast like that of a garron (hunting pony),
His ear like a leaf,"—

a description which raises before us the image of a dear old friend, whose unblemished descent might have entitled him to an Augsburg canonry or an All Souls fellowship; and who, for any thing we can tell, is now luxuriating in a canine Elysium with Bran himself, and Luath, and Maida. Light lie the earth above thee, and sweet fall the sunshine through the larches on thy grave, Oscar, "fleet foot in the correi!"

The final disappearance of Bran from this earthly stage is surrounded with at least as great mystery as that of Cavall. An Irish legend—for Bran, like the rest of the Fingalians, belongs as much to Ireland as to Scotland—asserts that, having chased a snow-white hart for many hours, Bran sprang after it into a small lake in the county Clare. The deer vanished on touching the water. A beautiful lady appeared in its stead, laid her hand on the dog's head, and submerged him forever. The cliff from which he sprang is still called "Craig-a-Bran," and the district "Tiarnaeh Bran"—the lordship of Bran.* On the other hand, "Cairn Bran" is pointed out in Glen Loth in Sutherlandshire; and the Highland tradition bears that he died and was buried there after a severe fight with Thorp, the dog of a Sutherland chief, whose heart Fingal himself tore out in revenge.† Of this legend, however, there is a very curious Irish version, which runs as follows: During the struggle between the Irish Fingalians and the host of "Lochlyn," a battle on one occasion continued so long, and the combatants were so nearly equal,

* Choice Notes from "Notes and Queries," Folklore, p. 103. "Legends of the County Clare."

† Scrope's "Deerstalking."

that both sides at last agreed to abide by the issue of a fight between Bran and a famous "cir dubh," or black hound, belonging to the king of the Northmen. The name of this hound, in accordance with an old Northern belief, which re-appears in many different shapes, was carefully concealed, until it should be discovered he was destined to remain invincible. The dogs fought on the top of a great rock in Connaught till they tore the very stone under their feet into powdery fragments, and trampled it again so hard that it became rock once more. The fight had lasted for some hours, and the "cir dubh" had nearly gained the victory, when Bald-headed Conal, who alone of all the Fingalians knew the secret of the black dog's strength, turning his face eastward and biting his thumb (a ceremony which he would but rarely perform, but which endowed him with the gift of divination), made a sudden exclamation of encouragement to Bran, the first word of which was the black hound's name, who at once lost his strength and his victory.*

That the Northern deerhound—and most of all that variety which seems to have attained its greatest perfection in Ireland and Scotland—was especially valued by the Vikings, and that a more than ordinary sagacity was attributed to it, appears from numerous passages in the Sagas, those picturesque narratives which enable us to realize with such minute accuracy the wild life of the early Icelandic colonists in the tenth and eleventh centuries. In them the "Irish" hound, as he is usually called, appears as the companion of the Olafs, and Einars, and

* A curious example of the superstition which forbade the naming of a combatant during the fight occurs in "Ribolt and Guldborg," the Danish duplicate or original of the fine old Scottish ballad of the "Douglas Tragedy." Guldborg is cautioned not to name her lover whilst he is struggling with her father and her brothers. She does so however; and at that moment Ribolt receives his death-wound. The caution has dropped out of the Scottish ballad; but it is worth noticing that the hero's death-wound is received to all appearance at the same instant as in the Danish version, immediately after Lady Margaret has called on him by name to "hold his hand"—

"She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.
'Oh, hold your hand, Lord William,' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair:
True lovers I can get many a one,
But a father I can never get mair.'"

Kiartans, in their "hofs" at the head of the rocky fiord or among the desolate inland mosses—sometimes even on the decks of their "sea-dragons—just as we have seen him in close attendance on the great heroes of Celtic tradition:—

"'I will give thee,' said Olaf Paa (the peacock) to Gunnar, whose story is recorded in the saga of Nial's Burning, 'three things: a golden bracelet; a kirtle which belonged to Myrkiartan, king of Ireland; and a dog which I got in the same country. He is huge of limb, and for a follower equal to an able man. Moreover, he hath man's wit, and will bark at thine enemies, but never at thy friends. And he will see by each man's face whether he be ill or well disposed toward thee. And he will lay down his life for thee. Samr is his name.' Then he said to the hound, 'From this day follow thou Gunnar, and help him what thou canst.' So the hound went to Gunnar, and lay down at his feet, and fawned upon him."

Samr could not prevent the murder of Gunnar; but when Gizur attacked his master at Hlidarend, the dog did his best. Gizur and his party advanced along a beaten way on the top of the fence that surrounded the "town,"—the true old Northern name for the house with its attendant outbuildings and enclosures. There they halted; and Thorkel the bond went nearer to the house. The dog lay watching on the low roof; "and," continues the narrative, "it chanced that he and Thorkel jumped at the same moment into the court in front. Instantly he flew at Thorkel, seized him, and so tore him that he died. But Onund of Trollaskog smote Samr on the head with his axe, so that it pierced the brain; and the dog, with a great and wonderful cry, fell dead on the ground."

The touches which show us Samr are but few; yet he was evidently a worthy companion of Gunnar, himself one of the best among the rough old Icelanders, and we are sorry for that axe-stroke of Onund's. As good a hound as Samr was Vigr or Viki, the dog of Olaf Tryggvason, that grim Norwegian sea-king who first attempted to introduce Christianity at the point of the sword among the borders of the seaboard and uplands. The Scallds and the compilers of Olaf's saga have invested his last battle with something of the same mysterious character which belongs to the fatal fight of King

Arthur at Camlan. Olaf, so went the common belief, did not fall during the battle, but was conveyed away in the midst of the strife to some unknown region, whence, like the British king, he is to return in the hour of his country's greatest need. Throughout the battle, Vigr, a hound which Olaf had carried off whilst pillaging on the coast of Ireland, had been lying under the great mast in front of the ship, in the place always assigned to the chief fighters. After Olaf's disappearance, Einar Thambaskelfir, the king's principal "hirdman," or follower, going up to the dog, exclaimed, "O Vigr, we have lost your master!" and Vigr, springing up as if seized with sudden grief, leaped overboard and swam to land. There, says the saga, he crouched himself on the top of a green hillock that overlooked the bay; refusing to eat, although food was brought to him in plenty, and although he drove away from it other dogs and birds of prey; and there, at last, voluntarily starved to death, Vigr's limbs stiffened into their last repose. He had been the constant companion of Olaf ever since he had been carried off from the Irish coast; and on one occasion had the honor of steering the king's "Dragon," the long ship, with its rude carvings and lines of gold and azure, in which Olaf threaded the deep, gloomy fiords, and narrow passages between the islands. Olaf was sailing home to Nidaros, after destroying the statue of Freyr, and asked Thorarinn the Iclander to steer for him, but Thorarinn declared that Vigr could steer better; so the king, holding Vigr's paws, helped him to manage the rudder; and the "Dragon" got safely home.

Samr and Vigr are but ordinary hounds after all, compared with the wonderful dog Sauer, made, says old Snorro, king of Drontheim, by Eystein of the Uplands. "He was gifted with three men's wisdom; and when he barked, he spoke one word and barked two. A collar and chain of gold and silver were made for him; and his courtiers carried him in their hands when the weather or ways were foul." Whether Sauer—who in spite of his attentive courtiers was at last torn to pieces by wolves—belonged to the great northern hounds, or, as seems more probable, shared the niceness and the refinement of the Gallic Fretillons and Ton-tonns, must remain uncertain; nor do we see our way much more clearly toward an eluci-

dation of the important questions : How far he was connected with the "three-footed dog of Norrway," of whom mention is made in the old "Complaynt of Scotland;" and, how far he was entitled to call cousin with the royal dog of the Ethiopian Ptoembarii, whose voice and action were carefully interpreted by a select body of priests. Sauer, however, it is sufficiently clear, was no better than a heathen hound; and he leads us, appropriately enough, into the company of those "dogs of darkness" which figure so extensively in mediæval folk-lore and tradition.

A trace of ancient heathendom may, perhaps, be recognized in certain mystic animals which figure in later romance; such as the black dog with red ears which, according to the Breton ballad, always accompanied the enchanter Merlin; and the wonderful "whelp" which King Triamour of Wales bestowed upon Sir Tristrem:—

"What color he was wrought
Now I shall you shewe,
Silke n'as noné so soft,
He was red, green, and blewe;
They that him saw oft,
Of him had game and glewe,
Y wis;
His name was Petierewe."

But relics of the older world are far more frequent in local legend and superstitions; and just as, after the introduction of Christianity, the ancient divinities, instead of passing away altogether, were only changed in the popular belief into powerful demons, so all that had been in any way connected with them partook to a great extent of the darker attributes with which they were now invested. Hence the dog of mediæval folk-lore is for the most part a very sad dog indeed. In the earlier mythologies his watchfulness and his instinct of chase had been duly represented, and had raised him to a distinguished place. He is now directly associated with the under world, of which indeed he still occasionally appears as the guardian. According to Synesius, bishop of Ptolemais in the early part of the fifth century, Cerberus continued his functions as watch-dog at the portals of hell itself; and Dante represents "Cerberus, il gran vermo"—so called perhaps from the dragon's tail which terminated his body—as guarding and tormenting the souls at the entrance of the third "cercchio." In Northern Europe, however, it is of course the old creeds of the

Northmen and the Celts which have left their traces in the popular folk-lore: and Grimm has pointed out that in the first of these the wolf not unfrequently takes the place which is elsewhere assigned to the dog. A brace of wolves, Geri and Freki, stood beside Odin's throne in Asgard; but the all-wise, white-bearded Odin has long since sunk into a malevolent fiend; and when he now appears to the benighted wanderer over the heaths of Sweden, he is attended, not by wolves, but by a leash of black, fire-breathing hounds. A whole pack of such hell-hounds are led on by their dark "master"—a tall figure with a hunting pole—over the wastes of Dartmoor; where it is possible that the traditions of Saxon heathendom have become mingled to some extent with those of the Celts. At all events, the "wish hounds," as they are called in Devonshire, resemble in almost every particular certain "spiritual hunting dogs" which are frequently heard and seen in the Principality; and of which a very curious account was published, toward the end of the last century, among other "relations of apparitions," by "the late Rev. Edmund Jones, of the Tranch, in Monmouthshire." Mr. Jones, who implicitly believes the wonders he describes, tells us that, "before the light of the Gospel prevailed, there were in Carmarthenshire and elsewhere often heard before burials, what by some were called *Cwn Annwn* (dogs of hell); by others *Cwn bendith eu Mamau* (dogs of the fairies); and by some *Cwn wybir* (sky dogs). The nearer they were to man the less their voice was—like that of small beetles (beagles?); and the further, the louder; and sometimes like the voice of a great hound sounding among them, like that of a bloodhound,—a deep, hollow voice." Their hunt was frequently in the air—hence their name of "sky dogs:" and, says Mr. Jones, "I have heard say that these spiritual hunting dogs have been heard to pass by the eaves of several houses before the death of some one in the family." "An acquaintance of mine," he continues, "a man perfectly firm to tell the truth, being out at night, heard a hunting in the air, and as if they overtook something which they hunted after, and, being overtaken, made a miserable cry amongst them, and seemed to escape; but overtaken again, made the same dismal cry, and again escaped, and followed after

till out of hearing." In the air the Cwn wybir seems to have been invisible; but when on "middle earth," either singly or in packs, they could make themselves seen as well as heard,—witness the following story from Mr. Jones' spiritual portfolio:—

"Mr. D. W., of Pembrokeshire, a religious man, and far from fear and superstition, gave me the following account: That as he was travelling by himself through a field called the Cot-moor, where two stones are set up, called the 'Devil's Nags,' at some distance from each other, where evil spirits are said to haunt, and trouble passengers, he was thrown over the hedge, and was never well afterwards. Mr. W. went with a strong fighting mastiff dog with him; but suddenly he saw another mastiff dog coming towards him. He thought to set his own dog at it; but his dog seemed to be much frightened, and would not go near it. Mr. W. then stooped down to take up a stone, thinking to throw at it; but suddenly there came a fire round it, so that he could perceive it had a white tail, and a white snip down his nose, and saw his teeth grinning at him. He then knew it was one of the infernal dogs of hell; one of those kind of dogs against which David prayeth in Ps. xxii. 20, 'Deliver my soul from the power of the dog.'"

To the famous superstition of the wild hunter and his train—to which both the Cwn Annwn and the wish-hounds belong, which is found in different forms throughout Europe, and which is certainly a relic of the older heathendom—a darker character was, no doubt, given by the monastic imagination which presided over the growth of so much mediæval folk-lore. When the hermit retired to his solitary cell, "in desertis," "in eremis," high up among the boulders of the mountain side, in the depths of the pathless forest, or among the ivy-grown ruins of some Roman town or tower long desolate and abandoned, he carried with him a horror of the world he had left behind; all the ordinary pleasures and pursuits of which were, in his eyes, tainted by the spirit of the "enemy." In his remote solitude, and under the influence of all the strange and mysterious sounds of the forest and the mountain, his mind would naturally recur to the wild legends which had been familiar to his childhood; and the chase, the grand recreation of the feudal baron, would thus become connected with those

older beliefs that filled the woods with unearthly terror—the yelling of hounds, the clattering of horse-hoofs, the howls and cries of the "wild hunt of Odin," as, among shattered limbs and shivering branches, it swept onward through the storm. The "Maise Hellequin," a remarkable form of the wild hunter's legend, common to the great woods of Northern France and Alsace, was evidently the result of some such union of the popular creed with a true monk's hatred of the wild life and recreations of the world he had abandoned. The "maise" or "household" of the evil knight Hellequin was a great company of knights and barons, whose number was constantly on the increase, and who were condemned, as the punishment of ill deeds done in the body, to wander perpetually through forests and solitary places until Doomsday. Here they were frequently encountered, following the chase as when alive; but their horses and their dogs were demons in animal form, and the most wicked among them was compelled to take the place of the hunted animal. They hunted, too, in the armor they had worn in life; but helmet, sword, and hauberk had all become of such intolerable weight that no ordinary mortal could so much as lift them. Their punishment was a very fitting one, thought the fierce old Jesuit Delrio; and the words of the prophet apply to it—"Juxta illud propheticum—'descenderunt in infernum cum armis suis.'" (Ezech.) "They went down into the grave with their weapons."

The dog of the Maise Hellequin has sunk into an actual demon. His form is indeed constantly assumed by the evil spirits which figure in monastic legends, as well as by the familiar imps of witch and wizard; and there is more than one curious story in which a troublesome "revenant" whose nature and intentions were apparently none of the best, is transformed into a hound, and in that shape compelled to undertake some task of endless labor, by which, as is well known to all students of the supernatural, a ghost may be laid as effectually as if he had been transported to the depths of the Red Sea. But we are detaining our readers in no very good company, although we trust that, like ourselves, they will be inclined to protest against this unworthy treatment of our old favorites. At all events they will not refuse to join in the regrets of Cuddy,

one of the rustics in Ford's gloomy play of the "Witch of Edmonton," who thus apostrophizes the "familiar" of Mother Demdike. "Tom," the familiar, is himself by no means a dumb dog:—

"*Cuddy*. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.

"*Dog*. Pity me? For what?

"*Cuddy*. Were it not possible for thee to become an honest dog yet? 'Tis a base life that you lead, Tom; to serve witches—to kill innocent children—to kill harmless cattle—to destroy, corn, fruit, and so forth. 'Twere better yet to be a butcher, and kill for yourself."

"Every black must have its white," however. All dogs were not fiends. For if there were solitary monks and hermits who looked on the chase as a thing of evil, and helped to fling an ominous shadow over the hounds that led it, there was many a bishop and lordly abbot who loved well "to see his hawk fly and his greyhound run," and who could appreciate their noble qualities as well as Sir Tristrem himself. Accordingly, whatever may have been the case with the dogs of the under-world, such ordinary mortal hounds as figure in mediæval history and romance lay by no means under the ban of the church or its ministers. They rejoiced indeed, like their masters, in the powerful protection of St. Eustace or St. Hubert; unless they happened to be of that white race which was dedicated to St. Roche, great numbers of which were solemnly blessed before his altar on the day of his festival.

Both St. Eustace and St. Hubert were famous hunters. Both were miraculously converted by snow-white stags, which they followed far into the depths of the forest, and which, suddenly turning on their pursuers, displayed the crucifix between their horns. In Southern Europe St. Eustace is the great patron of the chase. In the North it is St. Hubert who presides, not only over the chase, but over the more important guilds of archers and crossbowmen. The wide extent of his ancient reputation is evident from the number of churches in which the story of his conversion is told in wall-painting, in wood-carving, or in stained glass; but it was his own shrine, in the midst of the beech-woods of the Ardennes, that was the great object of reverence with every true servant of St. Hubert. The

Benedictine abbey which contained it was founded on the very spot where the stag had halted, and on which the saint had passed seven years in the profoundest solitude. At the expiration of that time he went to Rome, where he was consecrated by Pope Sergius I. to the vacant bishopric of Maestricht; and it was during this ceremony that the famous stole, still one of the great treasures of the church of St. Hubert, was brought through the air to the pope by the hands of an angel. St. Hubert removed the seat of his bishopric to Liège, and is said to have labored earnestly among the half-heathen population of Brabant and the Campine. St. Peter himself, according to the legend, bestowed on him a golden key, which conveyed with it unusual power over evil and unclean spirits; a power which was proved by St. Hubert's cure of a madman who had entered a church, and whom he sent, calm and in his right mind, to recall the flying congregation. It was from this especial power, and from St. Hubert's former connection with the chase, that his aid came to be invoked, as it still is, in all cases of canine madness.

The death of St. Hubert is said to have occurred (the date is more than doubtful) in the year 727. Nearly a century afterwards, his remains, which had been duly enshrined, were removed, by permission of Walrand, Bishop of Liège, to the house of Benedictines which had long before been founded on the place of his penitence, which had fallen into ruin, and which was now solemnly restored. With the possession of the relics of the hunter-saint the house assumed his name, and the Abbey of St. Hubert became one of the most famous places of pilgrimage throughout the North of France and over all the great forest districts watered by the Meuse and the Moselle.*

* Some relics of St. Hubert, said to have been removed from his shrine at the time of its translation from Liège, form the chief treasure of the church of Limé, not far from Soissons. Neither man nor beast, says the local tradition, has ever been attacked by "rage" (hydrophobia) within the limits of the Commune. A grand pilgrimage is made to the church of Limé on the 2nd of November; when the following rhyme—half charm, half prayer—is recited:—

"Saint Hubert glorieux,
Dieu me soit amoureux;
Trois choses me défend:
De la nuit du serpent;

The festival of St. Hubert is the 2nd of November, and it is on that day that the stranger who wishes to see his church at its best, or to moralize, as befits every traveller "now he is in Arden," upon the sundry changes of the world, should find his way over the wide-spreading heath toward the towers of his ancient monastery. The powerful Lord Abbot, whose feudal rights extended over all the surrounding country, and who ranked as first peer of the Duchy of Bouillon, has, indeed, disappeared and what remains of his abbey has become the chief prison for the province of Luxembourg; but on the festival of the saint the church is still thronged by crowds of pilgrims who assemble from all parts to obtain a blessing on themselves and on their dogs, and to receive the small cakes of bread which, blessed on the altars of St. Hubert or St. Roche, and duly distributed among the hounds, are believed to be effectual for averting canine madness from the kennel during the ensuing year. The tomb or shrine of St. Hubert himself is in the crypt of the church, and his body, according to the popular belief, not only remains perfect within it, but his beard and his nails still grow, like those of the Emperor Barbarossa in the well-known legend. The miraculous stole, of white silk, with rich "orphanes," is said to have been taken from the saint's body when his shrine was opened on its removal to the abbey in the ninth century. It now reposes on the high altar of the upper church, and, in spite of the constant withdrawal of portions of its fabric, is believed to remain entirely perfect and undiminished. It is the efficacy of this stole which is chiefly relied upon by persons who have either reason to fear an access of hydrophobia, or are actually suffering from it.

Such a patient proceeds with as little delay as possible to the abbey-church, where, in the midst of a solemn service, a slight incision is made in his forehead, into which are laid one or two threads of the miraculous stole. The head is then tightly bandaged,

Mauvais loup, mauvais chien,
Mauvaises bêtes enragées
Ne puissent m'approcher,
Me voir, ne me toucher,
Non plus qu'étoile au ciel."

The windows of the neighboring church of Ferté-Milon are filled with very fine stained glass of the Renaissance period, representing the legend of St. Hubert.

in which condition it must remain until the close of the "neuvaine," or nine days of religious observance, which are at once commenced. On each of these days the patient must confess and communicate. He may eat pork, fish—but only such as have scales, herring or carp, for example—hard eggs, and bread; but whatever he eats must be cold. His drink must be pure water, or wine and water. The cup or glass he uses must be set aside for himself; he must not on any account, stoop to drink at springs or rivers. The sheets of his bed must be exquisitely white and clean. He must not comb his hair for a period of forty days, counting from the beginning of the "neuvaine." On the tenth day after the incision the bandage round the head is carefully removed by a priest, who must burn it, and throw the ashes into the piscina of the sacristy. The person who recovers after this treatment has, it is asserted, the power of arresting the progress of the disorder in others, and of granting them "delays" until they are themselves enabled to reach the shrine of St. Hubert. In accordance with an old and curious belief, it was also said that the descendants of St. Hubert had the power of at once healing all persons suffering from canine madness by a simple imposition of hands. In 1649 a certain George Hubert, attached to the household of Louis XVI., received letters patent authorizing him, "de part le Roi," to perform in this manner whatever cures lay in his power; and we believe that more than one family in our country, asserting its descent from the Saint of the Ardennes, still lays claim to some such privilege.*

It is not, perhaps, impossible that in some old-fashioned village church in Luxembourg or among the Vosges a true mass of St. Hubert—at which the keepers and foresters attended with their hounds, and blew the "fan-

* The descendants of St. Paul and of St. Catherine were said to be distinguished by similar powers. "Many use to boast," says Reginald Scot, "that they are of St. Paul's race and kindred, showing upon their bodies the prints of serpents, which, as the papists affirm, was incident to all them of St. Paul's stock. Marry, they say, withal, that all his kinsfolks can handle serpents or any poison without danger." Others had a Catherine-wheel on their bodies, "and say they are kin to St. Catherine; they could carry coals in their hands, dip their heads into scalding liquor, and go into ovens." *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book xiii. chap. xv.

fare de St. Hubert" on their hunting horns at the moment of consecration—might still be heard on his fête-day. We doubt, however, if one of the famous hounds—

"The dogs of black St. Hubert's breed, Unmatched for courage, strength, and speed," could now be anywhere discovered. All hunting dogs were under St. Hubert's protection: but the abbots watched with especial care over a breed of hounds which, according to the tradition, were descended from the dogs who had followed the saint himself on the day of his mysterious conversion. Thoroughbred hounds of this race were jet black—"mighty of body, with legges somewhat low and short"—bloodhounds rather than greyhounds. They were in great request throughout France and the Low Countries. The Dukes of Burgundy ranked them among the chief treasures of their enormous hunting establishments; and three couples of them, together with half a dozen falcons from their eyries on the Meuse, were annually sent by the abbots of St. Hubert as a present to the French monarchs. A race of pure white dogs, possessing the same characteristics, was originally dedicated to St. Roche; upon whose altars a white hound, holding in its mouth the cake which, like that of St. Hubert, was thought to avert madness from the kennel, is frequently sculptured. This breed is said to have been brought from the East. It soon became confused, however, with the older race; and both black and white hounds were called indifferently "chiens de St. Hubert." It is "Souillart le Blond"—a white dog of this breed—from whose epitaph we learn its many virtues. Souillart, who in life had been attached to the French court, was a dog of letters. "Dits" and "Mémoires," unhappily no longer existing, are attributed to him, and were perhaps as authentic as one-half of the "Mémoires pour servir" with which we have been so liberally supplied by our lively neighbors. His epitaph, written by himself, survives; and in spite of the distrust with which such things are naturally regarded, we may venture to believe that this one does not lie:—

"Je suis Souillart le Blond, et le beau chien courant,
De mon temps le millez, et le miculx pour chassant;
Du bon chien Saint Hubert, qui Souillart avait nom

Fuz fils et héritier, qui eult si grand renom.

* * * * *
"J'ai creu, craint, et aymé sur tous aultres mon maistre
Autant que fist onc chien n'est possible d'estre.
Maintz plaisirs lui ay faictz en plusieurs grands deffaulx
Où il c'estait trouvé par playes et par grand chaulx.
Droit chien bault ay esté de ceulx que loe Phebus
Et croy qu'après ma mort il n'en demeurera nulz
S'il n'est de mes enfans, dont j'ay eu vingt et deux,
Qui par toutes forestz prenaient les cerfz tous seulz."

The admirers of the "noble science" are bound, at all events to listen respectfully to the catalogue of the perfections of this "beau chien courant." There is reason to believe that the existing race of fox-hounds is derived from a cross between the white dogs of St. Hubert (which, by the way, were nearly identical with the old English "talbots") and an Italian "brachet," the offspring of which, called "chiens greffiers," were especial favorites of Louis XII., and "united all the good qualities of the other running dogs, without their defects."*

The dogs which figure in mediæval romance are, for the most part, hounds of some description. Such was Hodain; whose name, although the romance to which he belongs is beyond all doubt the property of the "old gentil Bretons," seems to be mysteriously related to that of the great Saxon deity. Whilst passing over the sea from Ireland with Sir Tristrem and La belle Ysonde, Hodain licked the cup which had contained the "drink of might" by which the lovers were so unhappily united. He shared the effects of the potion, and attached himself to the fortunes of the pair, for whose sake he busied himself, together with Petieru, the wonderful particolored "whelp," which Tristrem sent from Wales to Ysonde, in pulling down many a noble stag, when the lovers, in their cavern in the forest—

"hadde no wines wat,
No ale that was old,
Nor no good meat they ate:"

a statement from which we may conclude that the fair queen of Cornwall was scarcely so successful a cook as Hodain was a provider. The hound's fidelity and attachment

* Col. C. H. Smith, "Hist. of Dogs," vol. ii. p. 111.

are conspicuous throughout the romance. When Tristrem arrived at the castle of Tintagel disguised as a fool, with his hair cropped and his face blackened, Hodain recognized and fawned upon him, whilst Ysonde herself was more than doubtful; and when the bodies of the unhappy lovers were brought to Cornwall to be buried, Hodain left the wood, without turning aside to chase the stags with which it abounded, and ran straight to the chapel, into which he was admitted by Pernus, the squire of Tristrem, who watched his corpse. "Illec," in the words of the prose romance, "demeurent Pernus et Heudene sans boire et sans manger; et quant ils avoyent fait leur dueil sur Tristan, ilz alloyent sur la Roynne Yseult." Hodain and Petieru—

"Two houndes mirire made,
Fairer might none be,"—

were figured, with "sweet Ysonde" and other personages of the romance, on the dais of the stately hall which the giant Belliagoc constructed for Sir Tristrem; and we may still admire their graceful forms on many of those delicately carved ivory caskets which once adorned the bower of some white-handed Yolande or Isabelle, and are now jealously preserved among the choicest treasures of the antiquary.

The special attachment of Hodain to Tristrem and Ysonde was the result of his having shared the "drink of might" with them; but the loving devotion of a hound to his master—itself one of the most human of his qualities, and that from which much of his noblest nature is developed—has been duly honored by the "makers" of romance. The well-known story of the dog of Montargis seems to belong to the stock of primitive Aryan tradition. In France, according to Mr. Dasent, it first occurs as told of Sibylla, a fabulous wife of Charlemagne; but, he adds, "it is at any rate as old as the time of Plutarch, who relates it as an anecdote of canine sagacity in the days of Pyrrhus."* A dog that revenges his master appears in Hesiod; and it is not impossible that a still more primitive version may one day be discovered, as in the case of Gelert, among the stores of Oriental learning. Meanwhile the story, in different forms, may be traced throughout mediæval and later romance—

* Norse Popular Tales, Introd. p. xxx.

the last and best appropriation of it having been that made by Sir Walter in the "Talisman." The hound himself is finely painted in the romance of "Sir Triamour"—otherwise of little value. The king of Arragon, deceived by the false representations of his wicked steward, Marrock, banishes his queen, whom he intrusts to the guidance of an old knight named Sir Roger, the master of a greyhound of uncommon size and fierceness:—

"So forth they went, in number three,
Sir Roger, the queen, and the greyhound
truly:

Wo worth the wicked treason!"

Marrock, with a company of eighteen associates, lays wait for the little party in a forest through which they were to pass. Here he attacks them; but the old knight, assisted by the hound, who "full bitterly gan bite," succeeds in killing fourteen of his assailants. Marrock, however, attacking him from behind, runs him through with his spear. During the confusion the queen escapes into the forest. Marrock searches for her in vain; but after he has retreated she re-appears, finds her horse, and endeavors to persuade the hound to accompany her. He will not leave his master's body:—

"She said, 'Sir Roger, now thou art dead,
Who shall now the right way lead?"

For thou may'st speak no more!"

Right on the ground there as he lay dead

She kissed him, ere she from him yede;

God wot, her heart was sore:

What for sorrow and for dread,

Fast away she 'gan her speed,

She wist not whither ne where.

The good greyhound for weal ne wo

Would not fro the knight go;

But lay and licked his wound.

He weened to have healed him again,

And thereto he did his pain;

Lo! such love is in a hound."

He scrapes a pit for the dead body, covers it with moss and leaves, and guards it faithfully for seven long years.* Every day he provides his own meat in the forest; but at last he has to wander further for game, and at the close of the seventh year, whilst the

* Bochart asserts in the "Hierozoicon" that a dog which had followed his master's bier to the grave three years before was still (1660) remaining on the spot. "A similar case," says Colonel Hamilton Smith, "occurred in the last half-century, at Lisle; where the admiration of the neighborhood caused a hut to be built for the dog, upon the grave of his master, and food to be brought him. The faithful creature resided on the spot for nine years, where he died."—Vol. ii. p. 87.

king of Arragon is keeping high festival at Christmas, the greyhound suddenly appears in the hall, makes the round of the tables, and retires. On his doing this a second time, the king recognizes him, and orders that on his next visit he should be carefully watched and followed. The dog returns on the third day of the festival. The traitor Marrock is in the hall, and the greyhound, springing on the murderer of his master,—

“Toke the steward by the throat,
And asunder he it bote;
But then he would not bide:
Forth to the grave he ran,
There followed him many a man,
Some on horse and some beside.
And when he came where his master was,
He laid him down upon the grass,
And barked at the men again.”

The body is, of course, sought for and found. It is buried with due solemnity, and the faithful dog soon afterwards expires on the tomb which is raised over it. The body of the steward Marrock, after being dragged through the town, is hanged on a gibbet. For the rest of the story—how the queen was restored to her husband, and how her son Sir Triamour became the preserver of his father's life and kingdom—we must refer our readers to the romance itself, an abstract of which will be found in the collection of George Ellis.*

We regret much that the romance-writer has not supplied us with the name of Sir Roger's greyhound; and this the more, because we fancy we have discovered a connection between this traditional dog, who revenges his master, and a good creature whose auspicious name and whose patient endurance of many sufferings are well known to all our readers. What is known of Mr. Punch's dog,—

“Tobias, tan jocoso, de los canes grande Can?”

What is his history? Who were his ancestors? How came he by that elevation in the world which, however honorable, is attended by more than the usual amount of those pains and penalties which accompany greatness? Mr. Punch, as we know, came to us from Italy: but did not the Venetians themselves import him from the remoter shores of the Levant? At any rate, he is well known there. “Karagoz” is the Turkish Punch. “Haji Aivad” is his more

* It has been printed at full length for the Percy Society, ed. Halliwell, 1846.

prudent companion, the “Pantaloon” of the West. Under the Seljukid dynasty, whose capital was Broussa, Haji Aivad is said to have been a messenger between that place and Mecca, where he was at last killed by the Arabs, who buried him at Honain. His dog remained with the murderers and accompanied them to Damascus, where he used to place himself at the feet, and pull the clothes, of passengers in the streets and bazaars; and having thus attracted their notice, he would fling himself upon the Arabs, barking and biting. The Arabs were consequently seized and searched. Haji Aivad's effects were found among their baggage, his sling, hatchet, bloody dress, and letter-bag; and his murderers, thus convicted, “were hanged in file on the place Sunanieh, whilst the dog placed himself under them and breathed his life out.”* The story is told by the gossiping Evliya Effendi, who adds that Haji Aivad's ancestors were known by the name of Afeli-oghli, and famous for their great dogs—pointers (Zaghar), “so that it is even now a proverb, ‘What! are you yelling like Afeli-oghli's pointers?’” Is it not possible that the excellent Toby may be remotely descended from these famous dogs, one of whom, we are led to conclude, was the avenger of Haji Aivad's murder?

In making his hound the constant companion and most faithful follower of the knight, the romance-writer, like a modern novelist, was only painting from the real life before him. Indeed, so constant a recreation was the chase, that, even when passing from middle earth to the shadowy realms of *faërie*, the “makers” could not conceive of the great personages of that underworld as otherwise employed or attended. When the Queen of Fairy came riding down by the Eildon tree, to meet True Thomas, a pair of brachet-hounds ran gallantly by her side; and when Sir Orpheo penetrated to the dismal land of Pluto, in search of his lost love, Dame Heurodys—

“Then oft he saw, hym beside,
In the hot summer-tide,
The King of Fairy and his rout,
Come to hunt all about,
With shoutyng and horns blowyng,
And houndys grete crying.”

* Travels of Evliya Effendi, vol. i. pt. 2, p. 243. Bochart, in the *Hieroicozon*, p. 682, quotes from Alzakin a somewhat similar story, the scene of which is laid in Ispahan.

The true knight, like Gaston De Foix, who named his best dogs after the heroes of romance—Brute, Tristan, Roland, and Hector of Troy—"loved hounds of all beasts, both winter and summer;" and his love was occasionally returned by a devotion as remarkable as any that is recorded in romance. Giraldus tells us of a greyhound (*leporarius*) which belonged to the Welsh chieftain Owen ap Caradoc, and which received seven severe wounds from lances and arrows in defending his master.* He was afterwards brought to the English King Henry II., and enjoyed, let us hope, more consideration and more honor for his noble daring than fell to the lot of his unhappy prince. The well-known story of the desertion of Richard II. by his dog Mathe, who, as Froissart asserts, during the king's first interview with Bolingbroke at Flint left his master, to whom he had hitherto been strongly attached, to fawn on and remain in the service of the usurper, should rather perhaps be regarded as a "sad story of the fate of kings" than as an example of infidelity in the most constant and devoted of animals. At any rate, half-blind, flea-bitten Argus, and King Roderick's Theon, may be set against the unfaithful Mathe, who seems to have been one of the great Irish deerhounds. There was an old belief that these dogs had the power of recognizing persons of royal or noble birth, to whom, however fierce otherwise, they would submit themselves in all gentleness. Mathe was thus supposed to have acknowledged by his caresses the true heir to the crown in the king's "fair cousin of Lancaster." The story, however, belongs, in all probability, to that class of wide-spread early traditions of which Gelert and the dog of Montargis have already been quoted as examples. It is found elsewhere, and is told of other animals than dogs—among the rest, of the ermine which became the emblem of Brittany, and which figures in the arms of its dukes.†

The famous dogs of the Knights of Rhodes, which could tell a Turk from a Christian by the smell and treated him accordingly, were "*Anglici canes*"—English mastiffs. The race seems to have been held in much honor in the south of Europe. They were said to

be descended from the well-trained dogs of the knight who fought with and killed the great dragon of Rhodes, a story which is familiar to us all from the poem of Schiller and the outline illustrations of Moritz Retsch. Is it a brace of these dogs whose portraits look out upon us from the picture of Veronese, thus "copied" for us by Mr. Ruskin?—

"Two mighty brindled mastiffs; and beyond them, darkness. You scarcely see them at first, against the gloomy green. No other sky for them, poor things! They are gray themselves, spotted with black all over; their multitudinous doggy vices may not be washed out of them, are ingrain of nature. Strong thewed and sinewed, however, no blame on them as far as bodily strength may reach; their heads coal-black, with drooping ears and fierce eyes, blood-shot a little. Wildest of beasts perhaps they would have been by nature. But between them stands the spirit of their human Love, dove-winged and beautiful, the resistless Greek boy, golden quivered; his glowing breast and limbs the only light upon the sky—purple and pure. He has cast his chain about the dogs' necks, and holds it in his strong right hand, leaning proudly a little back from them. They will never break loose."

The bloodhound, however, was the great dog of the south. It was in especial favor with the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and its savage, almost untamable, nature rendered it a fitting companion for the iron troopers of Alva, or the merciless conquerors of the New World. Indeed, both in the Low Countries and on the coasts of Mexico and Peru, these dogs took an active share in their masters' proceedings. The names of that "admirable dog" Bezerillo, "muy excelente perro," and of Leoncillo, "the little treasure," and "the little lion," are recorded among those of the conquerors of Puerto Rico. They drew their rations regularly, like the soldiers; and many a wretched Indian must have been tracked by them through the dense forests and underwood. It was, we believe, a bloodhound whose tomb Evelyn saw at the foot of a colossal Jupiter in the gardens of the Doria Palace at Genoa; "for the care of which," he tells us, "one of this family received of the king of Spain five hundred crowns a-year during the lifetime of that

* *G. Cambrensis*, *Itin. Camb.*, p. 642.

† The story will be found in Dom Morice, *Histoire de Bretagne*. We have unfortunately mislaid our own reference, and are unable at present to consult the good Benedictine's ponderous folios.

faithfull animal."* The race was carefully cherished in Spain; and, besides a large hound strongly resembling the Northern Danish dog, the ancestors of which were, it has been suggested, brought to Spain by the Goths, the bloodhound frequently appears on the grand canvasses of Titian and Velasquez. These are the "noble brown beasts," some of which, in Mr. Ruskin's words, Velasquez has made as grand as his surly kings. The dogs of Velasquez, he remarks elsewhere, "are sterner and more threatening than those of Veronese; as are also his kings and admirals. This fierceness in the animal increases, as the spiritual power of the artist declines." No small allowance should be made, however, for the difference between the races—the bright, earnest Venetian, and the far gloomier and more solemn Spaniard—chiefly represented by the two great painters. The savage cruelty which marred the faith of the latter is reflected in the bloodhound on whose head the gloved hand of his master so often rests in the stately portraits of Velasquez.

Of whatever race the artist may have thought fit to make the "Domini canes," the black and white dogs which represented the faithful sons of St. Dominic in their black cowls and white scapulars, there can be no doubt that a strong dash of the bloodhound ought properly to mingle with it. In one of the frescoes by Simone Memmi, which adorn the chapterhouse of Sta. Maria Novella at Florence, a whole pack of the Domini canes are represented as in the act of worrying a band of wolves, under which guise such pestilent heretics as Peter Waldo and his followers are shadowed forth. The title of the Lord's dogs, however, although at once suggested by the name of St. Dominic's order,† had been appropriated long before the days of the "frères." "Since," replied the merchant Samo, who had become chief of the Selaves, to a messenger sent from King Dagobert, "you call yourselves the servants of God, and us his dogs, recollect that what you do as profitless servants against his will, it may be given to us to

avenge with bites."* But no Slavonic dog ever bit so sore as the parti-colored hounds of the Inquisition. How far the Earl of Wiltshire's dog was influenced by a desire to avenge the Protestant wolves we will not venture to decide. A faint apology for his conduct—ininitely worse than that of Launce's Crab, when he thrust himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table—is, we are shocked to write it, offered by Fuller; who says that when the English embassy reached Rome in 1530, "they found the pope in his grandetza proffering his toe to them, which none offered to kiss save the unmannerly spaniel (to say no worse of him) to the Earl of Wiltshire, whom the Jesuit (Father Floud) calls a Protestant dog for biting the pope's toe; but let him tell us what religion those dogs were of that ate up Jezebel the harlot."†

Dr. Stanley, who saw the descendants of these dogs prowling under the walls of Jezreel, will tell us that, whatever their religion may have been, they were certainly not spaniels. Greyhounds, spaniels, and hounds are classed by Sir Philip Sidney—the first, as "the lords;" the second, "the gentlemen;" and the last, "the yeomen of dogges."‡ The gentlemen, in King Charles' opinion, were the more courtly, though not for this reason the better, companions. "Methinks," writes Sir Philip Warwick, who was in attendance on the king at Newport, "because it shows his disesteem of a common court vice, it is not unworthy the relating of him, that, one evening, his dog scrapping at his door, he commanded me to let in Gypsey, whereupon I took the boldness to say, 'Sir, I perceive you love a greyhound better than you do a spaniel.' 'Yes,' says he, 'for they equally love their masters, and yet do not flatter them so much.'"§

However they may be classed, there is no doubt that dogs, like men, have their different ranks, or that fortune showers her gifts among them with just as uneven a hand as she uses when busying herself with their masters:—

"Some wake to the world's wine, honey, and corn,

Whilst others, like Colchester natives, are born

To its vinegar only, and pepper."

* Aimoin, l. iv. c. 23.

† Church History, b. v. sec. 2, § 18.

‡ Arcadia, book ii.

§ Mem. of Charles I., p. 365.

* Diary, i. p. 131.

† St. Dominic's mother is said to have dreamed that she brought into the world a black and white dog, with a torch in its mouth. So the Cistercians asserted that the mother of St. Bernard dreamed that she was about to produce a "beautifully white, barking whelp." The Cistercian habit was white.

During the middle ages the greyhounds, as the "lords of dogges," came in for such stars and blue ribands as were to be enjoyed in the canine world. A certain breed of them had the privilege of appearing with their masters whenever they pleased in the presence of the great Emperor Charlemagne. As a mark of this privilege, the hound's right paw was closely shaven; a less oppressive, if less useful, distinction than the richly damasked corselets and back-plates which were fastened about the best greyhounds when about to take part in the boar-hunt; "to defend them from the violence of the swine's tusks," says Cavendish, who saw them armed in this manner at Compiègne.* The superb necklets of gold, set with pearls and rubies, which were constantly worn by such greyhounds of high degree as figure in the Welsh Mabinogion,—and before which honest Cæsar's

"Lockit, lettered, braw brass collar,

Which showed him gentleman and scholar,"

fades into complete insignificance,—must partly perhaps, but only partly, be placed to the score of the romancer's imagination. Very rich ancient collars exist. Many of great splendor are figured in early illuminations; and some very curious ones may occasionally be seen on the dogs which lie at the feet of monumental effigies. The collars of those on the tomb of Bishop John de Sheppey in Rochester cathedral are colored vermillion, and small bells are hung from them at intervals. Thin circlets, possibly of gold, are about the necks of the greyhounds in the illuminations of the well-known MS. of Froissart (temp. Ric. II.), in the British Museum: and they sometimes appear wrapped in long cloaks and housings of blue and scarlet, blazoned with lions and fleurs de lys; a magnificence which, however gratifying to canine vanity, must have been occasionally found as inconvenient as Miss Caroline's gauze hat and silk slippers, when, as the story in the "Looking Glass" used to tell us, she insisted, thus sumptuously attired, on joining the sports of her more sensible companions. We wonder whether vanity or discomfort was the prevailing sentiment in the mind of the dog who, not many years

since, attended his mistress funeral in a long black cloak—we believe, at Worcester.

If the canine mind be indeed open to a sentiment of vanity, it must occasionally be subjected to some very serious shocks. It can be no pleasant thing for a dog of any delicacy of feeling to be reminded that the Latin prose of the unhappy candidate who fails in his matriculation trials at Exeter or Brasenose is just such as he might himself be expected to produce under similar circumstances: nor can he be much more gratified at finding his name bestowed on the scentless and unpriized varieties of the rose and violet; unless indeed he remembers that the dog rose was so called because it was anciently thought to be a preservative against hydrophobia, for both dogs and men; and unless, as may very likely be the case, he shares the taste of the old whipper-in, who regretted that his dogs had no longer a chance of discovering the true scent, "now that they stinking violets were all in flower."

It may be doubted, moreover, whether his discovery of the fact that the vessel for holding the famous purple ink with which the Byzantine emperors used to sign their names was in the shape of a dog, and placed under the charge of a special officer, or even whether the recognition of his own form in the honored salt-cellar which rose in the centre of the board, and which was frequently fashioned like a dog, would console a hound of sensitive mind, and of archæological tastes, for the degradation implied in the strange old penance known to antiquaries as "cunophoria," and imposed in some parts of Europe on the knight who had been guilty of serious crime. The penance consisted in the condemned person's walking barefooted and bareheaded, and carrying a dog across his shoulders, from the place where the crime had been committed, either across the border, into the adjoining "county," or to the great doors of the most important church or monastery in the district.* The most frequent instances of this kind of punishment occur in the chronicles of Northern Europe:

* The earliest notice of this punishment occurs in the *France and Suevic laws*—a sufficient proof of its antiquity. The noble carried a dog; the serf or unfree a saddle. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa compelled one of his most powerful counts, with ten of his companions, to walk thus in penance for a German mile, each of them carrying a dog on his shoulders.

* *Life of Wolsey*, p. 527 (in Wordsworth's *Eccles. Biog.*). In the romance of "Octavianus Imperator" a lioness is thus armed, and fights by the side of Octavian in every battle.

but it was by no means confined to the remoter shores of the Baltic; and if our canine friend should not chance to meet with it in his researches, he would certainly come across numberless records of the hanging of dogs side by side with human malefactors, —an insult which was in especial favor when an unfortunate Jew happened to be the victim. In short, notwithstanding the protection of St. Hubert and St. Roche, and in spite of all his sagacity and faithfulness, it is certain, as Mr. Dasent has remarked after Grimm, that “something unclean and impure”—handed onward, no doubt, from the primitive Oriental feeling—was associated with the dog throughout the mediæval period, and still clings to him in popular tradition. His name is still as much a word of reproach as when it was bestowed on the excommunicated “Cagots”—“Gothic dogs;” and his long wailing howl is just as ominous now as when, in the great session of the Council of Florence, at which Greeks and Latins met in the vain hope of permanently arranging their theological differences, the dog of the Emperor John Palæologus “howled fiercely and lamentably” throughout his master’s speech; foretoking the inutility of the Greek concessions, and the approaching conversion of St. Sophia into a Mahometan mosque.”

If our antiquarian friend belong to the nobler class—the true “lords” of dogs—he will, no doubt, meet these discoveries with becoming dignity, and will pass them by with a brief reflection on human pride and ingratitude. But “my lady’s brach who lies by the fire”—

“the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart,”—

will be more disagreeably affected. These are the dogs on whom, as Mr. Ruskin tells us, Veronese and the rest of the Venetians are “so hard;” exemplifying, by their means, the lowest forms of really human feeling—such as conceit, gluttony, indolence, petulance.” The little “curly, short-nosed, fringy-pawed things, which all Venetian ladies petted,” are thus introduced by Veronese in two of his greatest pictures—the “Presentation of his own family to the Madonna,” at Dresden and the “Queen of Sheba before Solomon,” at Turin. In the first, the dog is the “last link in the chain of lowering feeling” (the others running

through Veronese’s children, of different ages), and is walking away much offended; not a little wondering, as Mr. Ruskin suggests, how the Madonna could possibly have got into the house. In the second picture, whilst the queen is overcome with emotion, her dog “is wholly unabashed by Solomon’s presence or anybody else’s, and stands with his forelegs well apart, right in front of his mistress, thinking everybody has lost their wits, and barking violently at one of the attendants, who has set down a golden vase disrespectfully near him.” The “fringy-paws,” according to Evelyn, were carefully bred for sale in most of the Italian monasteries; and a Venetian contessa’s father confessor, besides his spiritual consolation, could supply his patroness with the “dearest little dog in the world;” and with the indispensable orange-flower water and “cedrat,” between the preparation of which, and the breeding of lapdogs, the good fathers divided their attention. Many a fringy-paw found its way to England among other “fashions of proud Italy,” which the Flanders galleys brought to Southampton on their homeward voyage; and it is against the devotion of the English ladies to these “sybaritical puppies”—predecessors of the King Charleses and the Blenheimes immortalized by Landseer—that Harrison lifts up his voice in the curious description of England prefixed to Holinshed’s Chronicle:—

“They are little and prettie,” he says, “proper and fine, and sought out far and neere to satisfie the nice delicacie of the daintie dames: instruments of follie to plaie and dallie withall, in trifling away the treasure of time, to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises . . . a sillie poore shift to shun their irksome idlenesse. These Sybaritical puppies, the smaller they be (and thereto if they have a hole in the forepart of their heads) the better they are accepted . . . as meet playfellows for mising mistresses to bear in their bosoms, to keepe company withall in their chambers, to succour with sleep in bed, to nourish with meat at boord, to lie in their laps and licke their lips as they lie (like young Dianaes) in their wagons and coches. And good reason it should be so; for coarsenesse with finenesse hath no fellowship; but featesse with neatnesse hath neighborhood enough.”*

Neither Harrison nor Mr. Ruskin, however, was privileged to see so deeply into

* Description of England, book ii. chap. 7.

the matter as a certain monk of Bec, who, in a vision, beheld two old ladies of his acquaintance undergoing much suffering in purgatory, the result, as they told him, of an "immoderate love of little dogs" during their lifetime. According to this it must, we should fear, be faring badly with Justus Lipsius, the learned professor of Louvain, whose habit it was to preside at lecture attended by a whole tribe of similar pets; the portraits of three of whom—Sapphire, Mopsy, and Mopsikins—were hung up in his study with appropriate inscriptions above them from the pen of the professor himself. Indeed, such followers have their inconveniences even in this upper world. Grave suspicion was more than once awakened as to the exact nature of Lipsius' attendants; a suspicion which rose into certainty in the case of Cornelius Agrippa's little black dog "Monsieur." We doubt greatly whether a shadow from the same dark cloud does not, in the minds of his parishioners, hang about an eccentric Cornish gentleman who is daily attended to church by a couple of large black cats, which take their places on either side of his lectern with the utmost gravity and discretion. He is to be congratulated on living in an "enlightened" age. The Domini Canes, we suspect, would soon have found a pretext for worrying this very remarkable pair of acolytes, and for handing over their master to the mercies of the "secular arm."

The Venetian fringy-paws were only a variety of the dogs of Malta—the most ancient lapdogs of the Western world—small, white, and silky; the especial pets of the great Roman ladies. "When his favorite dog dies," writes Theophrastus, as an illustration of the character of the "Vain man"—"he deposits the remains in a tomb, and erects a monument over the grave, with an inscription—'Offspring of the stock of Malta.'" The "Vain man" seems to have been rather anxious that the world should know of how valuable a dog he had been the possessor, than to have raised his monument from any great regret for the "Offspring of Malta." Every variety of motive indeed has led to the erection of canine monuments; from the Cynosema on the Thracian headland, to the "Imago Maidæ" before the hall-door of Abbotsford; and we must leave it for some modern Theophrastus or La Bruyère to say

how far human vanity is to be traced underlying or intermingling with them all. During the recent demolition of the old chapel at Exeter College, Oxford, a small brass was found with an inscription recording the loss of a favorite dog. This is probably the only instance of canine commemoration in such a place; unless we may regard as a similar record of affection the name "Tirri," inscribed below the dog of Dame Alicia Cassey on her brass (date 1400), in the very interesting church of Deerhurst in Gloucestershire. "Tirri" may have been a most virtuous and gifted animal, and may have rendered such inestimable services to his mistress as deserved an enduring record. Unhappily his name alone survives; whilst of another and more famous dog—who has also found a place on his master's tomb—we have the record of the services without the name. It is impossible to determine how much, not his master alone, but all Europe, owed to the spaniel whose marble effigy lies crouched at the feet of William the Silent, the great founder of the Dutch Republic, on his tomb in the church at Delft. It was this dog which saved the prince's life by springing forward, barking, and scratching his master's face with his paws, when, in the night attack on the camp before Mons, a band of Spanish arquebusiers were on the point of entering the tent of William. His guards and himself were in profound sleep, and there was but just time for the prince, after the spaniel had roused him, to mount a horse which was ready saddled, and to make his escape through the darkness. His servants and attendants lost their lives. "To his dying day," Mr. Motley tells us, "the prince ever afterwards kept a spaniel of the same race in his bed-chamber." We hope—but we are nowhere told—that the dog to whom "free Friezeland" and the struggling Dutch provinces were so greatly indebted, managed to save his own life in the midst of the confusion.

Whoever desires to see what amount of honor may be rendered to the race by its more ardent admirers should visit the canine necropolis at Goodwood, where the sides of a deep hollow among the shrubberies are filled with tombs and tombstones, on which the names and merits of departed favorites are daily recorded. A walk through this final resting-place of virtue ought to be full

of consolation for the most snappish of fringypaws. The tombstones of about sixty dogs still remain, we believe, on the banks of a large pond near the grotto at Oatlands. They were placed there by the Duchess of York, who supplied their epitaphs, one of which runs as follows:—

"Pepper, near this silent grotto
Thy fair virtues lie confest;
Fidelity thy constant motto;
Warmth of friendship speak the rest."

This Pepper was, perhaps, a "bonny terrier, and a fell chield at the vermin;" but the patriarchal Pepper of Charlie's Hope, whose "fair virtues" remain unrecorded on the banks of his native Liddel, would have passed by the tombstone with a growl of gentle contempt. In fact, it is no easy matter to produce a good canine epitaph. One of the best we know—

"Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies,"—was placed by Hogarth on the tomb of his wife's dog, which still remains at the end of a filbert-walk in the garden of the house he occupied at Chiswick. Hogarth has appropriated the line from Churchill's "Candidate"—no doubt far more truly applicable to Pompey than to its unfortunate inventor—which the poet chose for his own tombstone at Dover. It is curious enough that Pope was on the point of adopting the epitaph of an infinitely greater poet than Churchill for the tomb of his dog Bounce, who figures by the side of his master in Richardson's portrait at Hagley. But Pope allowed himself to be persuaded that "O rare Bounce!" would savor of disrespect to Ben Jonson. The inscription, however, would have been at least as appropriate in the garden of the Twickenham villa as it is in the Abbey transept. Scarcely less briefly suggestive is Titania's call, "Where's Peasblossom?" which we once saw above the resting-place of an honest brown terrier, one of four brothers, named after the attendants of the fairy queen; just as "kind and courteous" as those worthy gentlemen, and just as eager to "hop in the walks and gambol in the eyes" of their mortal mistress.

But a dog may have greatness thrust upon him by other means than an epitaph. Hogarth has introduced his own dog Crab in his portrait, and by so doing has conferred immortality on a pug who, as far as his countenance goes, would certainly seem to

have been something more than a namesake of Launce's follower, "the sourest-natured dog that lives." Some dogs, too, obtain distinction under false pretences. Notwithstanding the famous anecdote of Sir Isaac Newton and his dog Diamond, we now know upon authority that "Sir Isaac never held any communion with dogs or cats." During Rousseau's Parisian celebrity "his very dog," David Hume wrote to Blair, "which is no better than a collic, had a name and reputation." David, we hope, was not jealous of the collic, as Goldsmith undoubtedly would have been. He might have remembered that a French literary lion has as much in common with a fine lady, and that the Blenheim of a true "belle of the ball-room" will certainly be distinguished for her sake. Ariel himself undertook the charge of Shock on that day when black omens threatened the fate of Belinda; and Shock in his turn lies embedded in the imperishable amber of Pope's verses. Even the ingratitude of a dog has occasionally brought about his commemoration. M. Karr pleasantly laments* the desertion of his companion Schütz. Schütz, it is clear, was a thorough Parisian in spite of his name. His Paris, however, is the Paris of the Boulevards and of the *Café de l'Europe*. He wants that air of the "grand cour"—that soupçon of powder and patches—which lingers about Belinda's Shock or Horace Walpole's Patapan—

"so nice, whoever saw
A pearly drop on his sofa?"—

or most of all about the charming Fretillon, the little dog of Madame d'Aulnoy's story, whose black eyes looked out from under his Louis Quatorze wig—who barked at the fishes as he took care of the Princess on the raft—and who, when all his dangers were over, would condescend to eat nothing but "perdrix" for the rest of his life. Frederick of Prussia's Pompadour, who, as the great king declared, "did not cost him half so much as that other Pompadour cost his brother of France," must of course have been a true French poodle; and we fancy her long silken ears tied up with blue ribands à la Sévigné. Let us hope that her morale was under better regulation than that of her too famous namesake, and that she resembled certain "levrettes" celebrated by Balzac in one of his novels, "dont les mœurs

* A. Karr, *Geneviève* t. ii.

avaient quelque chose de la discrétion Anglaise."

We have more than once referred incidentally to the few dogs, and "doggyish" allusions, introduced in the plays of the great dramatist. Much indeed do we regret that they are so few; for such a dog as Launce's Crab is as completely individualized as Launce himself, and stands out quite as clearly and distinctly from the crowd of his brethren. Among the many points of marked difference between the lighter literature of England and the Continent, the manner in which the dog is introduced as one of the minor "dramatis personæ" is especially characteristic. Poodles and lapdogs, with an occasional "levrette," are almost the only representatives of the canine race which figure in the yellow-wrapped "Romans" where-with modern Paris is content to amuse herself; nor is there much trace of a real appreciation of the more generous kinds, at least, as friends and companions, in the whole range of French literature. On the other hand, there is scarcely one great British poet, from Chaucer to Scott, who does not, more or less directly, impress us with a conviction that he was a true lover of dogs. The country life of England—the fresh, open air of its woods and downs—breathes throughout its literature. Who can doubt that Shakspeare was a sportsman? Many a time he may have roused the hart on Ingon Hill with such hounds as those of Duke Theseus of Athens.

"So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls:

Slow in pursuit; but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. . . ."

We may be very sure that more than one especial favorite—would we had their names to place in the most honored niches of our canine gallery!—watched the steps of the poet with loving eyes as he paced the long garden terraces at New Place.

Something perhaps of the feeling which, according to Mr. Ruskin, led the great Venetian painters to pass by the nobler qualities of the dog in the presence of man—"subduing it, like an inferior light in presence of the sky."—may have prevented Shakspeare from giving us a more complete series of canine portraits. But, if we have to con-

tent ourselves with but few sketches from his master-hand, his great modern representative has raised the dog almost to the dignity of a principal personage. In the novels of Sir Walter's predecessors a dog appears now and then, and is sometimes, as in those of Fielding and Smollett, introduced happily enough. We do remember the troubles of Chowder and Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. But for the most part the canine portraits of these earlier masters are touched in but slightly, and are soon forgotten; whilst Ban and Buscar, who dashed the dew from the ladyfern by the side of Davie Gellatly; Little Wasp, who, if he was not so "weel entered wi' the rattons," happily escaped the mutilations to which the race of Pepper and Mustard were liable; or Juno, that type of womankind, who ran off with Mr. Oldbuck's buttered toast, rise before the "mind's eye" as distinctly as Waverley, or Henry Bertram, or the Antiquary, and at once recall the whole group of characters belonging to the story in which they figure. Every shade of canine feeling—every development of canine nature, may be studied in the pages of Sir Walter. "Wherever," in the words of Mr. Adolphus, "it is possible for a dog in any way to contribute to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that was required, in his proper place and attitude." Happily we are not left in ignorance of the names or the natures of the dogs which attended their master in his wanderings by Tweed side or on Yarrow. Camp, whose death Sir Walter lamented as that of a friend, and the Giant Maida, who "sleeps soundly at his master's door," will remain in kindly connection with the greatest name in modern literature, so long as literature itself shall last.

It is in fact the gentlest nature—such an union of gentleness with high independence and perfect courage as distinguished Sir Walter, "the very perfect gentle knight"—which will most thoroughly appreciate the noble qualities of the dog, and to which the dog in turn will be most ready to attach himself. During a time of most anxious watching and observation, Collingwood, the very ideal of an English sailor, could thus write to his wife about his Newfoundland, Bounce:—

"Bounce is my only pet now, and he is indeed a good fellow. He sleeps by the

side of my cot whenever I lie in one, until near the time of tacking, and then marches off to be out of hearing of the guns, for he is not reconciled to them yet."—(Off Cadiz, 1805.)

Bounce was present with his master at Trafalgar, in the Royal Sovereign, and seems to have been unduly elated after Collingwood's elevation to the peerage. In writing to his wife, after hoping that his daughters "will not give themselves foolish airs," the new-made baron proceeds:—

"I am out of all patience with Bounce. The consequential airs he gives himself since he became a right honorable dog are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with commoners' dogs; and, truly, thinks that he does them grace when he condescends to lift his leg against them. This, I think, is carrying the insolence of

rank to the extreme; but he is a dog that does it."

The master who could make his dog point a moral thus pleasantly must have been gentle in every sense.

To what extent the best qualities of the dog react in their turn upon the rougher classes of humanity we will not now stop to inquire; although we fully believe that his influence in this way is at times very considerable. A dog may be far from the worst of teachers; and in spite of the very ancient prejudice against him, to which we have more than once alluded, his opportunities of instruction have always been enormous, and can never diminish. In a word, our philosophy is that of the Prince of Denmark:—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

A PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—Among the numerous proposed substitutes for this valuable fabric is one which has attracted some attention in France, and may possibly be found worthy of attention in this country. About two years ago a request was made to Napoleon III. to provide the means of making an experiment on a large scale for the rearing of a new kind of silkworm, which lives in the open air on a very hardy plant, the *ailante*, and produces two crops a year of a strong, silky fibre, which has been in common use for ages in China, as a cheap fabric for clothing the great mass of the people. The authority was immediately granted, and the result now published seems very favorable. More than three-fourths of the worms produced excellent cocoons, and a profit of one hundred per cent, or more, is said to have been realized. Should these statements be confirmed, the new material will probably become an important article of commerce and manufacture; for the mulberry silkworm is considered very successful when it yields a return of fifteen per cent on the capital employed. The silk of this Chinese worm is of inferior quality, but is well adapted for coarse fabrics, and its woven fabrics bid fair to prove an excellent substitute for those of cotton. It is proposed by M. Guerin Menesville, who was the first to introduce the new silk into France, to give it the name of *ailantine*. He is now considering the best means of promoting the production and manufacture of the

new silk, which he thinks will ere long supply the chief clothing of the people. The tree on which the worm feeds is the *ailante glandulosa*, which is one of the hardiest of trees, and is very common in the United States. Mr. Judd, of this city, has sent to Paris for some of the worms, and he intends to try the experiment of rearing them here. There is every probability that if a cheap, durable, light material of this description were once introduced here, it would, of course, enter into competition with cotton goods.

AN INDIAN'S SHREWDSNESS.—At an early stage in the proceedings of the Erie and New York City Railroad, while the Directors were negotiating with the Chiefs for the land around Jemison Hill, the colonel and others had made some strong speeches depicting the worthlessness of the land and enlarging considerably upon the fact that it was good for nothing for corn, and consequently, should be leased very cheap.

When the colonel sat down the old chief replied in the Seneca tongue to the interpreter, to the effect that he "knew it was poor land for corn; but mighty good land for railroad!" The force of this remark will be fully appreciated when it is known that the little strip of land around Jemison Hill was the only possible place for a railroad that did not involve the building of two expensive bridges across the Alleghany. — *Chaut Democrat*.

The writer of the following Protest, is editor of the *Charleston Mercury*, the leading organ of the leading State in the Secession movement. We do not desire to be held responsible for all the opinions which we, from time to time, lay before the readers of the *Living Age*; but as to this article we may be permitted to say that it is frank and sincere, and eminently deserving of the careful consideration of everybody who takes an interest in the question of the Union. If it do not convince our Northern and Virginia readers we do not think any thing else likely to be effectual.

It is possible to understand what this writer means; he speaks in a clear and gentlemanly tone, so we can look at the question from his point of view. The scheme of employing slaves in manufacturing occupations, was suggested to the present writer about forty years ago, by Dr. Brown, brother of James Brown (afterwards minister to France) and at his request we wrote some articles on the subject for a Philadelphia paper. One result which Dr. Brown anticipated and desired, was the improvement of the condition of the slaves. With this he was sure that their faculties would expand. And this brings us to confess that upon being asked lately by a Southern friend, whether we would own slaves, we replied that we had too little land to use them. "But," said he, "suppose they should be competent to do any other labor, that you could set them at?" Thus appealed to, we could not but own that if we could find one competent to edit the *Living Age*, the temptation might come to us in a very serious shape. But no! we could hardly subject a fellow-creature to such an unceasing, unremitting task!

From The National Intelligencer, 19 Feb.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF SECESSION.

WE to-day surrender a considerable portion of our paper to the reproduction of a letter addressed by the Hon. L. W. Spratt, of South Carolina, to the Hon. Mr. Perkins, of Louisiana, in criticism on the Provisional Constitution recently adopted by the "Southern Congress" at Montgomery, Alabama.

In giving so large a space to such a document we are governed by the same considerations which have hitherto induced us to publish so largely the proceedings of the Conventions held in South Carolina and elsewhere—a desire to place conspicuously before our readers in the South (from whom the Intelligencer receives much the larger portion of that generous patronage with which it has so long been honored) a clear and comprehensive statement of the grounds on which the secession movement has been based by its advocates. . . .

In giving to-day the elaborate paper of
THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 658

Mr. Spratt, we need not say that we entirely dissent from the political philosophy which he inculcates in the name and on behalf of the secession movement. Yet the prominent part he has taken in the steps by which that movement was initiated, the confidence bestowed upon him by the people of Charleston in electing him, with such unanimity, to a seat in the South Carolina Convention, and the marked honor conferred upon him by that Convention in deputing him as one of the Commissioners appointed to interpret the action of the Palmetto State before the Convention of Florida (the first which met after that of South Carolina), are all so many titles by which he may assume to speak with authority in expounding the purport and bearing of the civil revolution to which he has so largely contributed . . . what ends it has sought under the conduct of its originators. These, if balked of their purpose for the present, will, he assures us, only have to begin at once a new agitation, destined to endure until at last slavery shall "stand serene, erect, aloft, unquestioned as to its rights or its integrity, at some point within the present limits of the Southern States." "And such being the case," adds Mr. Spratt, "it is only for the present actors to determine whether they will contribute or be crushed to that result."

Who can wonder that the people of the Border Slaveholding States, with their well-known repugnance to the revival of the slave trade, should look with feelings of distrust and misgiving on a movement which, in its rudiments, was known to have been so largely controlled by men of like ideas with Mr. Spratt, and whose ultimate, inevitable tendencies are now only the more clearly expressed because of a temporary check which it is feared that movement has received within its own circle of revolution?

From The Charleston Mercury, 13 Feb.

A PROTEST FROM SOUTH CAROLINA AGAINST A DECISION OF THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

Hon. John Perkins, Delegate from Louisiana:

From the abstract of the Constitution for the Provisional Government, published in the papers of this morning, it appears that the slave trade, except with the Slave States of North America, shall be prohibited. The

Congress, therefore, not content with the laws of the late United States against it, which, it is to be presumed, were re-adopted, have unalterably fixed the subject by a provision of the Constitution. That provision for reasons equally conclusive, will doubtless pass into the Constitution of the permanent government. The prohibition, therefore, will no longer be a question of policy, but will be a cardinal principle of the Southern Confederacy. It will not be a question for the several States, in view of any peculiarity in their circumstances and condition, but will be fixed by a paramount power, *which nothing but another revolution can overturn*. If Texas shall want labor she must elect whether it shall be hiring labor or slave labor; and if she shall elect slave labor she must be content with that *only* which comes from other States on this continent, and at such prices as the States on this continent shall see proper to exact. If Virginia shall not join the Confederacy of the South, she is at least assured of a market for her slaves at undiminished prices; and if there shall be, as there unquestionably is, a vast demand for labor at the South; and if there shall be, as there unquestionably will be, a vast supply of pauper labor from the North and Europe, and States at the South shall be in danger of being overrun and abolitionized, as the States of the North have been overrun and abolitionized, there must be no power in any State to counteract the evil. Democracy is right, for it has the approval of the world; slavery wrong, and only to be tolerated in consideration of the property involved, and while the one is to be encouraged, therefore the other is to be presented in such attitude as to be as little offensive as it may be to the better sentiment of an enlightened world.

Such I take to be a fair statement of the principles announced in the earliest utterance of the Southern Republic; and I need scarcely say that I deprecate them greatly. I fear their effects upon the present harmony of feeling; I fear their effects upon the fortunes of the Republic; and I will take the liberty of intervening and of presenting reasons why I think we should not take such action at the present time. I may seem presumptuous, but I have a stake too great to scruple at the measures necessary to preserve it. I take a liberty, without permission, in making you the object of this letter; but our personal relations will assure you that I have but the simple purpose, if possible, to be of service to my country; and if, in representing a measure so offensive, I may seem wanting in respect for the "spirit of the age," I have but to say that I have been connected with the slave-trade meas-

ure from the start. I have incurred whatever of odium could come from its initiation; I have been trusted by its friends with a leading part in its advancement; and so situated, at a time when prejudice or a mistaken policy would seem to shape our action to a course inconsistent with our dignity and interests, I have no personal considerations to restrain me, and feel that it is within my province to interpose and offer what I can of reasons to arrest it.

Nor will I be justly chargeable with an unreasonable agitation of this question. We were truly solicitous to postpone it to another time; we were willing to acquiesce in whatever policy the States themselves might see proper to adopt. But when it is proposed to take advantage of our silence, to enter judgment by default, to tie the hands of States, and so propitiate a foreign sentiment by a concession inconsiderate and gratuitous, it is our privilege to intervene; and I am in error if your clear conception of the questions at issue, and your devotion to the paramount cause of the South, will not induce you to admit that the odium is not on us of introducing a distracting issue.

The South is now in the formation of a *Slave Republic*. This, perhaps, is not admitted generally. There are many contented to believe that the South as a geographical section is in mere assertion of its independence; that, it is instinct with no especial truth—pregnant of no distinct social nature; that for some unaccountable reason the two sections have become opposed to each other; that for reasons equally insufficient, there is disagreement between the peoples that direct them; and that from no overruling necessity, no impossibility of co-existence, but as mere matter of policy, it has been considered best for the South to strike out for herself and establish an independence of her own. This, I fear, is an inadequate conception of the controversy.

The contest is not between the North and South as geographical sections, for between such sections merely there can be no contest; nor between the people of the North and the people of the South, for our relations have been pleasant, and on neutral grounds there is still nothing to estrange us. We eat together, trade together, and practise, yet, in intercourse, with great respect, the courtesies of common life. But the real contest is between the two forms of society which have become established, the one at the North and the other at the South. Society is essentially different from government—as different as is the nut from the bur, or the nervous body of the shell-fish from the bony structure which surrounds it; and within this government two societies had become

developed as variant in structure and distinct in form as any two beings in animated nature. The one is a society composed of one race, the other of two races. The one is bound together but by the two great social relations of husband and wife and parent and child; the other by the three relations of husband and wife, and parent and child, and master and slave. The one embodies in its political structure the principle that equality is the right of man; the other that it is the right of equals only. The one embodying the principle that equality is the right of man, expands upon the horizontal plane of pure democracy; the other, embodying the principle that it is not the right of man, but of equals only, has taken to itself the rounded form of a social aristocracy. In the one there is hireling labor, in the other slave labor; in the one, therefore, in theory at least, labor is voluntary; in the other involuntary; in the labor of the one there is the elective franchise, in the other there is not; and, as labor is always in excess of direction, in the one the power of government is only with the lower classes; in the other the upper. In the one, therefore, the reins of government come from the heels, in the other from the head of the society; in the one it is guided by the worst, in the other by the best, intelligence; in the one it is from those who have the least, in the other from those who have the greatest, stake in the continuance of existing order. In the one the pauper laborer has the power to rise and appropriate by law the goods protected by the State—when pressure comes, as come it must, there will be the motive to exert it—and thus the ship of State turns bottom upwards. In the other there is no pauper labor with power of rising; the ship of State has the ballast of a disfranchised class: there is no possibility of political upheaval, therefore, and it is reasonably certain that, so steadied, it will sail erect and onward to an indefinitely distant period.

Such are some of the more obvious differences in form and constitution between these two societies which had come into contact within the limits of the recent Union. And perhaps it is not the least remarkable, in this connection, that while the one, a shapeless, organless, mere mass of social elements in no definite relation to each other, is loved and eulogized, and stands the ideal of the age, the other comely, and proportioned with labor and direction, mind and matter in just relation to each other, presenting analogy to the very highest developments in animated nature is condemned and reprobated. Even we ourselves have hardly ventured to affirm it—while the cock crows, in fact, are ready to deny it; and if it shall not perish on the

cross of human judgment, it must be for the reason that the Great Eternal has not purposed that still another agent of his will shall come to such excess of human ignominy.

Such are the two forms of society which had come to contest within the structure of the recent Union. And the contest for existence was inevitable. Neither could concur in the requisitions of the other; neither could expand within the forms of a single government without encroachment on the other. Like twin lobsters in a single shell, if such a thing were possible, the natural expansion of the one must be inconsistent with the existence of the other; or, like an eagle and a fish, joined by an indissoluble bond, which for no reason of its propriety could act together, where the eagle could not share the fluid suited to the fish and live, where the fish could not share the fluid suited to the bird and live, and where one must perish that the other may survive, unless the unnatural Union shall be severed—so these societies could not, if they would, concur. The principal that races are unequal, and that among unequals inequality is right, would have been destructive to the form of pure democracy at the North. The principle that all men are equal and equally right, would have been destructive of slavery at the South. Each required the element suited to its social nature. Each must strive to make the government expressive of its social nature. The natural expansion of the one must become encroachment on the other, and so the contest was inevitable. Seward and Lincoln, in theory at least, whatever be their aim, are right. I realized the fact and so declared the conflict irrepressible years before either ventured to advance that proposition. Upon that declaration I have always acted, and the recent experience of my country has not induced me to question the correctness of that first conception.

Nor is indignation at such leaders becoming the statesmen of the South. The tendency of social action was against us. The speaker to be heard must speak against slavery; the preacher to retain his charge, must preach against slavery; the author, to be read, must write against slavery; the candidate, to attain office, must pledge himself against slavery; the office-holder, to continue, must redeem the pledges of the candidate. They did not originate the policy, but they pandered to it; they did not start the current, but they floated on it; and were as powerless as drift-wood to control its course. The great tendency to social conflict pre-existed; it was in the heart of the North—it was in the very structure of Northern society. It was not a matter of choice but of necessity that such society should

disaffirm a society in contradiction of it. It was not a matter of choice but of necessity that it should approve of acts against it. In possession of power, it flowed to political action on the South, as fluids flow to lower levels. The acts of individuals were unimportant. If I had possessed the power to change the mind of every Republican in Congress, I would not have been at pains to do so. They would not have fallen before an indignant constituency, and men would have been sent to their places whose minds could never change. Nor, in fact, have they been without their use. As the conflict was irrepressible, as they were urged on by an inexorable power, it was important we should know it. Our own political leaders refused to realize the fact. The zealots of the North alone could force the recognition; and I am bound to own that Giddings, and Greeley, and Seward, and Lincoln, parasites as they are, panderers to popular taste as they are, the instruments, and the mere instruments, of aggression, have done more to rouse us to the vindication of our rights than the bravest and the best among us.

Such, then, was the nature of this contest. It was inevitable. It was inaugurated with the government. It began at the beginning, and almost at the start the chances of the game were turned against us. *If the foreign slave trade had never been suppressed, slave society must have triumphed.* It extended to the limits of New England.

Pari passu with emigrants from Europe came slaves from Africa. Step by step the two in union marched upon the West, and it is reasonably certain, had the means to further union been admitted, that so they would have continued to march upon the West, that slave labor would have been cheaper than hiring labor, that, transcending agriculture, it would have expanded to the arts; and that thus one homogeneous form of labor and one homogeneous form of society, unquestioned by one single dreamer, and cherished at home and honored abroad, would have overspread the entire available surface of the late United States. But, the slave trade suppressed, democratic society has triumphed. The States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware found an attractive market for their slaves. They found a cheaper pauper labor to replace it; that pauper labor poured in from Europe; while it replaced the slave, it increased the political power of the Northern States. More than five millions from abroad have been added to their number; that addition has enabled them to grasp and hold the government. That government, from the very necessities of their nature they are forced to use against us. Slavery was within its

grasp, and forced to the option of extinction in the Union or of independence out, it *dares to strike, and it asserts its claim to nationality* and its right to recognition among the leading social systems of the world.

Such, then, being the nature of the contest, this Union has been disrupted in the effort of slave society to emancipate itself; and the momentous question now to be determined is, shall that effort be successful? That the Republic of the South shall sustain her independence, there is little question. The form of our society is too pregnant of intellectual resources and military strength to be subdued, if, in its products, it did not hold the bonds of amity and peace upon all the leading nations of the world. *But in the independence of the South is there surely the emancipation of domestic slavery?* That is greatly to be doubted. Our property in slaves will be established. If it has stood in a government more than half of which has been pledged to its destruction, it will surely stand in a government every member of which will be pledged to its defence. But will it be established as a normal institution of society, and stand the sole exclusive social system of the South? That is the impending question, and the fact is yet to be recorded. That it will so stand somewhere at the South I do not entertain the slightest question. It may be overlooked or disregarded now. *It has been the vital agent of this great controversy.* It has energized the arm of every man who acts a part in this great drama. We may shrink from recognition of the fact; we may decline to admit the source of our authority; refuse to slavery an invitation to the table which she herself has so bountifully spread; but not for that will it remain powerless or unhonored. It may be abandoned by Virginia, Maryland, Missouri; South Carolina herself may refuse to espouse it. The hiring laborer from the North and Europe may drive it from our seaboard. As the South shall become the centre of her own trade, the metropolis of her own commerce, the pauper population of the world will pour upon us. It may replace our slaves upon the seaboard, as it has replaced them in the Northern States; but concentrated in the States upon the Gulf it will make its stand, condensed to the point at which the labor of the slave transcends the want of agriculture, it will flow to other objects; it will lay its giant grasp upon still other departments of industry; its every step will be exclusive; it will be unquestioned lord of each domain on which it enters. With that perfect economy of resources, that just application of power, that concentration of forces, that security of order which results to slavery from the per-

manent direction of its best intelligence, there is no other form of human labor that can stand against it, and it will build itself a home and erect for itself, at some point within the present limits of the Southern States, a structure of imperial power and grandeur—a glorious Confederacy of States that will stand aloft and serene for ages amid the anarchy of democracies that will reel around it.

But it may be that to this end another revolution may be necessary. It is to be apprehended that this contest between democracy and slavery is not yet over. It is certain that both forms of society exist within the limits of the Southern States; both are distinctly developed within the limits of Virginia; and there, whether we perceive the fact or not, the war already rages. In that State there are about 500,000 slaves to about 1,000,000 whites; and as at least as many slaves as masters are necessary to the constitution of slave society, about 500,000 of the white population are in legitimate relation to the slaves, and the rest are in excess. Like an excess of alkali or acid in chemical experiments, they are unfixed in the social compound. Without legitimate connection with the slave, they are in competition with him. They constitute not a part of slave society, but a democratic society. In so far as there is this connection, the State is slave; in so far as there is not, it is democratic; and as States speak only from their social condition, as interests, not intellect, determine their political action, it is thus that Virginia has been undecided—that she does not truly know whether she is of the North or South in this great movement. Her people are individually noble, brave, and patriotic, and they will strike for the South in resistance to physical aggression; but her political action is, at present, paralyzed by this unnatural contest, and as causes of disintegration may continue—must continue, if the slave trade be not re-opened—as there will still be a market at the South for her slaves—as there will still be pauper labor from abroad to supply their places, and more abundant from industrial dissolutions at the North, and the one race must increase as the other is diminished—it is to be feared that there the slave must ultimately fail, and that this great State must lose the institution, and bend her proud spirit to the yoke of another democratic triumph. In Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and even Tennessee and North Carolina, the same facts exist, with chances of the like result.

And even in this State [South Carolina] the ultimate result is not determined. The slave condition here would seem to be es-

tablished. There is here an excess of one hundred and twenty thousand slaves, and here is fairly exhibited the normal nature of the institution. The officers of the State are slave-owners, and the representatives of slave-owners. In their public acts they exhibit the consciousness of a superior position. Without unusual individual ability, they exhibit the elevation of tone and composure of public sentiment proper to a master class. There is no appeal to the mass, for there is no mass to appeal to; there are no demagogues, for there is no populace to breed them; judges are not forced upon the stump; governors are not dragged before the people; and when there is cause to act upon the fortunes of our social institution, there is perhaps an unusual readiness to meet it. The large majority of our people are in legitimate connection with the institution—in legitimate dependence on the slave; and it were to be supposed that here at least the system of slave society would be permanent and pure. But even here the process of disintegration has commenced. In our larger towns it just begins to be apparent. Within ten years past as many as ten thousand slaves have been drawn away from Charleston by the attractive prices of the West, and laborers from abroad have come to take their places. These laborers have every disposition to work above the slave, and if there were opportunity would be glad to do so; but without such opportunity they come to competition with him; they are necessarily resistive to the contact. Already there is the disposition to exclude him; from the trades, from public works, from drays, and the tables of hotels, he is even now excluded to a great extent. And when enterprises at the North are broken up; when more laborers are thrown from employment; when they shall come in greater numbers to the South they will still more increase the tendency to exclusion; they will question the right of masters to employ their slaves in any works that they may wish for; they will invoke the aid of legislation; they will use the elective franchise to that end; they may acquire the power to determine municipal elections; they will inexorably use it; and thus this town of Charleston, at the very heart of slavery, may become a fortress of democratic power against it. As it is in Charleston, so also is it to a less extent in the interior towns.

Nor is it only in the towns the tendency appears. The slaves, from lighter lands within the State, have been drawn away for years for higher prices in the West. They are now being drawn away from rice culture. Thousands are sold from rice fields every year. None are brought to them. They

have already been drawn from the culture of indigo and all manufacturing employments. They are yet retained by cotton and the culture incident to cotton; but as almost every negro offered in our markets is bid for by the West the drain is likely to continue. It is probable that more abundant pauper labor may pour in, and it is to be feared that even in this State, the purest in its slave condition, democracy may gain a foothold, and that here also the contest for existence may be waged between them.

It thus appears that the contest is not ended with a dissolution of the Union, and that the agents of that contest still exist within the limits of the Southern States. The causes that have contributed to the defeat of slavery still occur; our slaves are still drawn off by higher prices to the West. There is still foreign pauper labor ready to supply their place. Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, possibly Tennessee and North Carolina, may lose their slaves, as New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have done. In that condition they must recommence the contest. There is no avoiding that necessity. The systems cannot mix; and thus it is that slavery, like the Thracian horse returning from the field of victory, still bears a master on his back; and, having achieved one revolution to escape democracy at the North, it must still achieve another to escape it at the South. That it will ultimately triumph none can doubt. It will become redeemed and vindicated, and the only question now to be determined is, shall there be another revolution to that end? It is not necessary. Slavery within the seceding States at least is now emancipated if men put forward as its agents have intrepidity to realize the fact and act upon it. It is free to choose its constitution and its policy, and you and others are now elected to the high office of that determination. If you shall elect slavery avow it and affirm it; not as an existing fact, but as a living principle of social order, and assert its right, not to toleration only, but to extension and to political recognition among the nations of the earth. If, in short, you shall own slavery as the source of your authority, and act for it, and erect, as you are commissioned to erect, not only a Southern, but a Slave Republic, the work will be accomplished. Those States intending to espouse and perpetuate the institution will enter your Confederacy; those that do not, will not. Your Republic will not require the pruning process of another revolution; but, poised upon its institutions, will move on to a career of greatness and of glory unapproached by any other nation in the world.

But if you shall not; if you shall com-

mence by ignoring slavery, or shall be content to edge it on by indirection; if you shall exhibit care but for a Republic, respect but for a democracy; if you shall stipulate for the toleration of slavery as an existing evil by admitting assumptions to its prejudice and restrictions to its power and progress, re-inaugurate the blunder of 1789; you will combine States, whether true or not, to slavery; you will have no tests of faith; some will find it to their interest to abandon it; slave labor will be fettered; hiring labor will be free; *your Confederacy is again divided into antagonist societies; the irrepressible conflict is again commenced; and as slavery can sustain the structure of a stable government, and will sustain such structure, and as it will sustain no structure but its own, another revolution comes—but whether in the order and propriety of this, is gravely to be doubted.*

Is it, then, in the just performance of your office, that you would impose a constitutional restriction against the foreign slave trade? Will you affirm slavery by reprobating the means of its formation? Will you extend slavery by introducing the means to its extinction? Will you declare to Virginia if she shall join, that under no circumstances shall she be at liberty to restore the integrity of her slave condition? that her five hundred thousand masters without slaves shall continue? that the few slaves she has shall still be subject to the requisitions of the South and West? that she shall still be subject to the incursions of white laborers, without the slaves to neutralize their social tendencies? and thus, therefore, that she must certainly submit to be abolitionized, and when so abolitionized, that she must surely be thrown off, to take her fortunes with the Abolition States? Will you say the same to Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, and Tennessee? Will you declare to the State of South Carolina that, if the canker of democracy eats into her towns and cities; if her lighter lands are exposed, her forms of culture are abandoned, she must still submit to it? To Texas, that to her imperial domain no other slaves shall come than those she may extort from older States; and that she must submit to be the waste she is, or else accept the kind of labor that must demoralize the social nature of the State? Will you do this, and yet say that you erect slavery and affirm it, and, in your ministrations at its altar, own it as the true and only source of your authority? Individually, I am sure you will not. I am too well assured of your intelligent perception of the questions at issue, and of your devotion to the great cause you have espoused, to entertain a doubt upon that subject; but

others may, and that I may meet suggestions likely to arise, I will task your indulgence further.

Then why adopt this measure? Is it that Virginia and the other Border States require it? They may require it now, but is it certain they will continue to require it? Virginia and the rest have never yet regarded slavery as a normal institution of society. They have regarded the slave as property, but not slavery as a relation. They have treated it as a *prostitution*, but have never yet *espoused* it. Their men of intellect have exhibited enlightened views upon this subject, but their politicians who have held the public ear have ever presented it as a thing of dollars, and to be fought for, if need be, but not to be cherished and perpetuated. And is it certain that when better opinions shall prevail; that when they join, if they shall join, a *Slave Republic*, a Republic to perpetuate the institution, when there shall be less inducement to sell their slaves, and the assurance that when they shall sell them they will fall under the rule of a democracy *which must unfit them for association in a Slave Confederacy*—the people of these States may not solicit an increase of slaves? And is it policy to preclude the possibility of such an increase? But admit the change may never come, yet against all the evils to result from the slave trade these States are competent to protect themselves. The failure of the General Government to preclude that trade by constitutional provision by no means precludes them from such a prohibition. If they may never want them, they may keep them out, without the application of a Procrustean policy to all the other States of the Confederacy. It may be said that without such general restriction the value of their slaves will be diminished in the markets of the West. *They have no right to ask that their slaves, or any other products, shall be protected to unnatural value in the markets of the West.* If they persist in regarding the negro but as a thing of trade—a thing which they are too good to use, but only can produce for others' uses—and join the Confederacy, as Pennsylvania or Massachusetts might do, not to support the structure, but to profit by it, it were as well they should not join, and we can find no interest in such association.

Is it that the Cotton States themselves require it? If so, each for itself may adopt the prohibition. But they do not. The political leaders of the country are not ready for the proposition, as they were not ready for the measure of secession. Many leaders of the South, many men who meet you in Convention, have been forced to that position by a popular movement they had never

the political courage to direct; and so, perhaps, in any case the whole machinery of society must start before the political hands upon the dial plate can indicate its progress; and so, therefore, as this question is not moved—as the members of this Congress are charged to perfect the dissolution of the old government, but have not been instructed as to this permanent requisition of the new—they may be mistaken, as they would have been mistaken, if by chance they had met six months ago and spoken upon the question of secession. And they are mistaken, if, from any reference to popular feeling, they inaugurate the action now proposed. *The people of the Cotton States want labor; they know that whites and slaves cannot work together.* They have no thought of abandoning their slaves that they may get white labor; and they want slaves, therefore, and they will have them—from the Seaboard States, if the slave trade be not opened, and they cannot heartily embrace a policy which, while it will tend to degrade the Seaboard States to the condition of a democracy, will compel them to pay double and treble prices for their labor.

It may be said in this connection that, though the Cotton States might tolerate the slave trade, it would overstock the country and induce a kind of social suffocation. It is one of the most grievous evils of the time that men have persisted in legislating on domestic slavery with what would seem to be an industrious misapprehension of its requisites. It is assumed that it is ready to explode while it is in an ordinary state of martial law, as perfect as that which, in times of popular outbreak, is the last and surest provision for security and order. It is assumed that the negro is unfit for mechanical employments, when he exhibits an imitative power of manipulation unsurpassed by any other creature in the world; and when, as a matter of fact, we see him daily in the successful prosecution of the trades, and are forced to know that he is not more generally employed for reason of the higher prices offered for him by our fields of cotton. It is assumed that he cannot endure the cold of Northern States, when he dies not more readily in Canada than Domingo, and when the finest specimens of negro character and negro form to be met with in the world are on the northern borders of Maryland and Missouri. It is assumed that whenever he comes in contact with free society we must quail before it, when it is evident that the question which shall prevail is dependent on the question which can work the cheapest; and when it is evident that with slaves at starvation prices—slaves at prices to which they will be reduced by the question whether

we shall give them up or feed them—at prices to which they will be reduced when the question comes whether they shall starve the hiring or the hiring the slave, the system of domestic slavery, guided always by its best intelligence, directed always by the strictest economy, with few invalids and few inefficients, can underwork the world. And it is assumed that, hemmed in as we will be, but a slight addition to our slaves will induce disastrous consequences. But it is demonstrable that negroes are more easily held to slavery than white men; and that more in proportion, therefore, can be held in subjection by the same masters; and yet in the Republic of Athens of white slaves there were four to one; and in portions of the Roman Empire the proportion was greater still; and upon this ratio the slaves might be increased to forty millions, without a corresponding increase among the whites, and yet occur no disaster; but on our rice lands, isolated to a great extent where negroes are employed in thousands, there is often not one white man to one hundred slaves. Nor is there greater danger of an overcrowded population. Slaves may be held to greater density than freemen; order will be greater, and the economy of resources will be greater. Athens had seven hundred to the square mile, while Belgium, the most densely populated state of modern Europe, has but about three hundred and eighty-eight to the square mile; and with a population only as dense as Belgium, South Carolina could hold the population of the Southern States, and Texas three times the present population of the Union.

Is it that foreign nations will require it? As a matter of taste they might perhaps. There is a mode upon the subject of human rights at present, and England, France, and other States that are leaders of the mode, might be pleased to see the South comply with the standard of requirement, and, provided only no serious inconvenience or injury resulted, would be pleased to see the South suppress not only the slave trade, but slavery itself. But will our failure to do so make any greater difference in our relations with those States? Men may assume it if they will, but it argues a pitiable want of intelligence and independence, an abject want of political spirit, to suppose it. France and England trade in coolies, and neither will have the hardihood to affirm that between that and the slave trade there is an essential difference, and practising the one they cannot war with us for practising the others. Nor, in fact, do they wage war upon the slave trade. Spain permits the trade in Cuba, though she acknowledges the mode by professing to prohibit it. Portu-

gal and Turkey do not even so much. Even England lends her ships to keep the slave trade open in the Black Sea; and almost every slave bought in Africa is paid for in English fabrics, to the profit of the English merchant, and with the knowledge of the British government. In view of these facts, it were simple to suppose that European States will practise sentiment at the expense of interest. And have they interest in the suppression of the slave trade? Three years ago in my report to the Commercial Convention at Montgomery, I said that European States are hostile to the Union. Perhaps "they see in it a threatening rival in every branch of art, and they see that rival armed with one of the most potent productive institutions the world has ever seen: they would crush India and Algeria to make an equal supply of cotton with the North; and, failing in this, they would crush slavery to bring the North to a footing with them, but to slavery without the North they have no repugnance; on the contrary, if it were to stand out for itself, free from the control of any other power, and were to offer to European States, upon fair terms, a full supply of its commodities, it would not only not be warred upon, but the South would be singularly favored—crowns would bend before her; kingdoms and empires would break a lance to win the smile of her approval; and, quitting her free estate, it would be in her option to become the bride of the world, rather than, as now, the miserable mistress of the North."

This opinion seemed then almost absurd, but recent indications have rendered it the common opinion of the country; and as, therefore, they have no repugnance to slavery in accordance with their interests, so also can they have none to the extension of it. They will submit to any terms of intercourse with the Slave Republic in consideration of its markets and its products. An increase of slaves will increase the market and supply. They will pocket their philanthropy and the profits together. *And so solicitude as to the feeling of foreign States upon this subject is gratuitous: and so it is that our suppression of the slave trade is warranted by no necessity to respect the sentiment of foreign States.* We may abnegate ourselves if we will, defer to others if we will, but every such act is a confession of a weakness, the less excusable that it does not exist, and we but industriously provoke the contempt of States we are desirous to propitiate. Is it that we debase our great movement by letting it down to the end of getting slaves? We do not propose to reopen the slave trade; we merely propose to take no action on the subject. I truly think

we want more slaves. We want them to the proper cultivation of our soil, to the just development of our resources, and to the proper constitution of society. Even in this State I think we want them; of eighteen million acres of land, less than four million are in cultivation. We have no seamen for our commerce, if we had it, and no operatives for the arts; but it is not for that I now oppose restrictions on the slave trade. I oppose them from the wish to emancipate our institution: *I regard the slave trade as the test of its integrity. If that be right, then slavery is right, but not without*; and I have been too clear in my perceptions of the claims of that great institution—too assured of the failure of antagonist democracy, too convinced the one presents the conditions of social order, too convinced the other does not, and too convinced, therefore, that the one must stand while the other falls, to abate my efforts or pretermitt the means by which it may be brought to recognition and establishment.

Believing, then, that this is a test of slavery, and that the institution cannot be right if the trade be not, *I regard the constitutional prohibition as a great calamity. If the trade be only wrong in policy it would be enough to leave its exclusion to the several States that would feel the evils of that policy*; but it is only upon the supposition that it is wrong in principle, wrong radically, and therefore never to be rendered proper by any change of circumstances which may make it to our interest, that it is becoming in the general government to take organic action to arrest. The action of the Confederacy is, then, a declaration of that fact, and it were vain to sustain the institution in the face of such admissions to its prejudice.

It will be said that at the outset of our career it were wise to exhibit deference to the moral sentiment of the world; the obligation is as perfect to respect the moral sentiment of the world against the institution. The world is just as instant to assert that slavery itself is wrong, and if we forego the slave trade in consideration of the moral feeling of the world, then why not slavery also? It were madness now to blink the question. *We are entering at last upon a daring innovation upon the social constitutions of the world. We are erecting a nationality upon a union of races, where other nations have but one. We cannot dodge the issue; we cannot disguise the issue; we cannot safely change our front in the face of a vigilant adversary.* Every attempt to do so, every refusal to assist ourselves, every intellectual or political evasion, is a point against us. We may postpone the crisis by disguises, but the slave republic must forego

its nature and its destiny, or it must meet the issue, and our assertion of ourselves will not be easier for admissions made against us. And is it not in fact from a sense of weakness that there is such admission? Is there a man who votes for this measure but from misgivings as to slavery, and as to the propriety of its extension? Therefore is there not the feeling that the finger of scorn will be pointed at him without; and is he who doubts the institution, or he who has no higher standard of the right than what the world may say about it, the proper man to build the structure of a slave republic? The members of that Convention are elected to important posts in the grand drama of human history. Such opportunity but seldom comes of moulding the destiny of men and nations. If they shall rise to the occasion, they shall realize their work and do it, they will leave a record that will never be effaced; but if they shall not—if they shall shrink from truth, for reason that it is unhonored; if they shall cling to error, for reason that it is approved, and so let down their character, and act some other part than that before them, they will leave a record which their successors will be anxious to efface—names which posterity will be delighted to honor.

Opinions, when merely true, move slowly; but when approved, acquire proclivity. Those as to the right of slavery have been true, merely so far, but they came rapidly to culmination. I was the single advocate of the slave trade in 1853; *it is now the question of the time.* Many of us remember when we heard slavery first declared to be of the normal constitution of society: few now will dare to disaffirm it. Those opinions now roll on; they are now not only true but are coming to be trusted; they have moved the structure of the State, and men who will not take the impulse and advance must perish in the track of their advancement. The members of your Convention may misdirect the movement—they may impede the movement—they may so divert it that another revolution may be necessary; but if necessarily that other revolution comes, slavery will stand serene, erect, aloft, unquestioned as to its rights or its integrity at some points within the present limits of the Southern States, and it is only for present actors to determine whether they will contribute or be crushed to that result.

I hope you will pardon this communication; it is too long, but I have not had time to make it shorter. I hope also you will find it consistent with your views to urge the policy I have endeavored to advance. *If the clause be carried into the permanent government, our whole movement is defeated.*

It will abolitionize the Border Slave States—it will brand our institution. Slavery cannot share a government with democracy—it cannot bear a brand upon it; *thence another revolution. It may be painful, but we must make it.* The Constitution cannot be changed without. The Border States, discharged of slavery, will oppose it. They are to be included by the concession; they will be sufficient to defeat it. *It is doubtful if another movement will be so peaceful;* but no matter, no power but the Convention can avert the necessity. The clause need not necessarily be carried into the permanent government, but I fear it will be. The be-

lief that it is agreeable to popular feeling will continue. *The popular mind cannot now be worked up to the task of dispelling the belief;* the same men who have prepared the provisional will prepare the permanent constitution; the same influence will affect them. It will be difficult to reverse their judgment in the conventions of the several States. *The effort will at least distract us, and so it is to be feared this fatal action may be consummated;* but that it may not is the most earnest wish I now can entertain.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. W. SPRATT.

A GENEROUS LOVER.—"In the evening I went," says Sir Robert Wilson in his Record of Travel, "to pay my respects to the Prince Bishop of Hohenzollern, a young man of remarkable story, and whose personal accomplishments, etc., increase the interest. This prince, then count and nearly allied to the king, was about to be married to a young woman whom he approved—which was enough for his feelings—but all the world approved, which excited a more general sympathy. Before the marriage arrangements could be made, the abbey at Oliva falls vacant. The ancient law requires that the eldest son of the Hohenzollern family must be the bishop, or the mitre, with a property which is very great, must be transferred to another family. The count did not hesitate to reject Episcopal honors and Episcopal advantages. Love in a cottage was all he coveted, if he was allowed to indulge his affections by divesting himself of his birthrights. The king, however, was inexorable; the count was compelled to take the oaths of celibacy. Resistance would only have sacrificed the object of his regard without promoting his own happiness. Previously, however, to the fatal day he addressed her without whom he never expected to enjoy life, but from whom he was doomed to separate, not with such a request as mere selfish men might make, but with a prayer that she would transfer herself to his brother, saying that he was the object next dearest to him, and that he was anxious for her to give him that affection which was forbidden to himself. Influenced by the generosity of the count's conduct and actuated by love for him, she consented, and on the same day, in the same hour in which he forswore marriage for himself, he, as bishop, gave to his brother at his own altar of sacrifice, the hand which nature seemed to have destined for his own; and since that hour there is naught in this world that can give him real joy but the thought of having diminished her grief by giving her a husband who, if she felt not for him the charm of first love, is nevertheless an object of her affection and regard. The count, some time afterwards made prince, lives very much retired, and melancholy prevails in a counte-

nance which would otherwise be extremely animated. All women pity him: all men esteem him. The king has secured the abbey, but he has lost the service of a man who would have been an ornament and a pillar of his state. He has overthrown a mind highly gifted, and which only required opportunity to apply its powers to eminent action."

MRS. GORE.—Our obituary contains this week the name of Mrs. Gore, who died on Tuesday last at Linwood, Lyndhurst. The keenest and the kindest of woman's wit has died with her. A day will come when, from among the thousand tales of fashionable life upon which other pens have set the mark of their vulgarity, there will be taken thankfully the little library of stories through which Mrs. Gore poured rapidly the sparkling current of her genius. A man gifted as she was, having equal power under masculine control, would have won for himself easily an undisputed place among the foremost writers of the country. But it was not a fatal readiness of wit that enabled Mrs. Gore to write with a colloquial ease that diverted notice from her wholesome industry. If there are marks of haste in her works, consistent to her nature with the utmost haste was an unflinching refinement. Her swift satire never struck unkindly. Her scenes of fashionable life are more natural than nine-tenths of the pastorals preserved in literature: they are absolutely free from affectation or rank-worship, and express only a nature liberal in all its forms. It has been rightly said that there is not a dull page in any of her books, as there never was a dull five minutes in her conversation. Her genius was of the true sort, that without labor does the whole work of description with a word or phrase.

How many pages, for example, would a dullard take in failing to raise up the image of the kill-their-own-mutton class of country gentlemen? Mrs. Gore's books abound in such strokes, and in their light form we have at all times the expression of a healthy judgment working through a wit, keen, generous, and playful.—*Examiner.*

From Chambers's Journal.

A CITY ELEVATED.

THE vast space of the United States of America, and the prodigious human force provoked everywhere into exercise by the almost indefinite capabilities of the country, have caused many things which are here seen on a small scale, to assume, in that part of the world, gigantic proportions. Another consequence is, an audacity in grappling with physical difficulties such as the generality of British engineers would shrink from, even if supplied with ample funds, to be used at discretion. An American is so much accustomed to see wonderful things accomplished, that he becomes prepared instantaneously to enter upon and encourage projects which we should feel to be a hundred years ahead of our present powers.

There is a city in the west which even Americans will sometimes advert to as something of a wonder; and that is Chicago, on Lake Michigan. You enter, by a capital railway, an agglomeration of streets and squares, which appears not much less in extent than the city of Dublin, and you are told that it has all come into existence since the British Reform Act was passed. It is no rude collection of wigwags or log-houses, but a city of lofty and elegant structures, with churches, statehouse, and all other suitable public buildings. Long terraces of handsome mansions, looking out upon the lake, attest the presence of a wealthy and luxurious class of inhabitants. Well, there was nothing of the kind there in 1830. When the history of the spot is traced fifteen or eighteen years further back, you find that it then boasted of nothing but a trading-station with a small fort. The writer was introduced to a middle-aged citizen, and learned that his wife has written an interesting book * on the romantic perils which she underwent in her girlhood, as daughter of the sole merchant here trafficking with the Indians. More marvellous still, there is now a university far to the west of Chicago—one graced by many accomplished professors—among the rest, by Dr. D. B. Reid, long known in this country as a teacher of chemistry, and as the superintendent of the operations for regulating the temperature of the Houses of Parliament.

This city has grown up to be the dwelling-place of a hundred thousand inhabitants, before the people had well become aware of a radical fault in its construction—namely, that it had been built upon the surface of a plain so little elevated above

the lake, that there was no proper outfall for drainage. Inconveniences were experienced, and groaned over mildly, as usually happens when inconveniences appear irremediable; but they were inconveniences, nay, dangers to health and life, for all that; and when at last some one said they might be remedied, the sense of their importance was freely expressed. To cut short a long tale—the municipality gave ear to a scheme for elevating the city through vertical space to the extent of from four to ten feet, according to the needs of various districts, by which it was shown that good drainage might be secured. Here he would be a bold engineer indeed who should bethink him of such a process as possible; but it does not appear that the man who proposed to hoist up Chicago was looked upon there as any thing extraordinary. The writer when at Chicago, in October, 1860, could gather little more than that he was a person of the name of Brown. The business was quickly set about, for the Americans do not, like us, consider and talk of in one century what their descendants are to accomplish in the next. Once satisfied that it was the right thing to do, they—to use one of their favorite phrases—went ahead, and did it.

I should rather say, they began to do it; they began, and are now going on with it; for as Rome was not built, so neither could Chicago be hoisted up, all in one day. The stranger visiting Chicago at present, finds himself moving along streets of different levels; sometimes has to ascend, sometimes descend, a trap-ladder of a few steps which strangely interrupts the pavement. Nor may it be for a year or two to come that all will be adjusted according to the plan.

But the process!—how is a heavy building (a good-sized house will be as much as four thousand tons in weight) to be lifted? how, if there be means of merely lifting, is the rise to be kept so equable, that the walls will not rend and crack—in short, go more or less to ruin? Strange to say, the lifting is not only done with ease, but it is done so equably that no such thing as a crack results, nor even so much as a flake of plaster falls from the walls. And it is not merely a single house which is so dealt with, but whole blocks of houses, masses like a side of Belgrave Square, or a section of Regent Street, the fact being that individual houses are in general so connected with others, that it is seldom or never they can be elevated singly.

To give some idea of the “house-raising business,” as a local journal styles it, let us note a few particulars of what was done with a block of buildings so lately as April, 1860. Be it premised, this block extended

* *Wau-Bun, the Early Day in the North-west.*
By Mrs. John H. Kenzie, of Chicago. 8vo. 1867.

to three hundred and twenty feet in length, with a breadth of from one hundred and forty to ninety, and an average height of seventy feet. It included a large bank, and eight other massive structures, the basement story of which was divided into thirteen shops. The entire weight was estimated at 35,000 tons. Three firms contracted for the work at \$18,000, or about £3,500, engaging that for any damage that might arise, they alone would be responsible. It was also arranged—and this is perhaps the most surprising feature of the undertaking—that there should be no interruption to the business of the various concerns accommodated in the building.

The first step is to scarify away all the ground, or fabric of any kind around the base of the building, supplying, however, provisional galleries and gangways for the use of the public during the process of elevation. Then the earth is dug out from under a portion of the foundations, and strong beams inserted, supported by rows of jack-screws set together as closely as possible. When this is properly arranged, another piece of the foundation is removed in like manner, and so on till beams with jack-screws are under every wall of the mass of building. In the case of the block in question, there were in all six thousand screws employed.

The next step is to arrange for putting the screws into action. To every ten a man is assigned, furnished with a crow-bar. At the signal of a whistle, he turns a screw one-fourth round, goes on to another, which he turns in like manner, and so on till all are turned. The screw having a thread of three-eighths of an inch, the building has thus been raised a fourth part of that space throughout, or exactly 3-32d of an inch. The whistle again sounds: each crow-bar is again applied to its series of ten screws, and a similar amount of vertical movement for the whole building is accomplished. And this

operation is repeated till the whole required elevation is accomplished. I have a large lithographed print before me, in which we see the block in question, with its base laid bare, so as to show the range of workmen operating upon the screws, while the shops above are all in full business, and the carriage-way displays its ordinary crowd of coaches, wagons, and foot-passengers, as if there were nothing particular going on. When the desired elevation is attained, the beams are one by one replaced with a sub-structure of masonry, and the pavement is restored on the new level. In this case, the elevation of four feet eight inches was accomplished in five days, and it is stated that the cost of new foundations and pavement was from forty to fifty thousand dollars. The block, which was full of inhabitants, contained much plate-glass, elegantly painted walls, and many delicate things; but not a pane was broken, a particle of plaster or paint displaced, nor a piece of furniture injured. The writer deems it not superfluous to say, that he saw and partly inspected this mass of building, and certainly found nothing that could have led him to surmise that it had originally rested on a plane nearly five feet below its present level.

Let us English people ponder on these heroic undertakings of our American cousins. They are well worthy of imitation. It is the misfortune of many of our cities that large portions of them are built on ground so little above the level of an adjacent river as to be but imperfectly drainable. Southwark is a notable example, and Belgravia, with finer buildings, is no better off in this important respect. Sanitary considerations point out how desirable in these cases it is that the buildings should be raised a few feet. Chicago, a town of yesterday, scarcely yet to be heard of in geographical gazetteers, has shown that it can be done, and, comparatively speaking, at no great expense.

MEMORIES OF MERTON.—A volume of feeble verses, intended to be sung or said to the honor and glory of Oxford. They contain good sense, good feelings, and good grammar—but they fall far short of being good poetry. The author may write much of this kind of

composition, if he do not speedily get something better to do—which for his own sake we hope will be the case, but he should not publish what he writes. He will be sorry for it ten years hence—because he is evidently far from being a conceited, foolish person.—*Spectator*.

From The Saturday Review, 9 Feb.
LIBERUM VETO.

WE do not altogether share the confidence expressed by most of our contemporaries that the paragraphs in the queen's speech relating to the United States will be favorably received in America. The Americans have hitherto seemed desirous of exciting sterner emotions than sympathy in the European powers, and would, perhaps, have preferred silence to any thing resembling commiseration. But, whatever effect it may produce on the other side of the ocean, her majesty's language faithfully represents the feeling of the English people. There is hardly a dissident from the wish that the American differences may be susceptible of arrangement. We venture to affirm that their virtual unanimity on this point is creditable to Englishmen. It is one proof, among hundreds, of the baselessness of the calumny which so many continental politicians delight to repeat, that England never cares for the affairs of other countries, except as far as they may concern her political or material interests. This proposition is the first article of their creed with a crowd of statesmen, or ex-statesmen, whose whole view of foreign affairs is based on the very principle they condemn—who denounced the Crimean war, because by destroying the Russian fleet it annihilated a force which might one day be used against England, and who gnash their teeth at the success of the Italians because it threatens to give France a powerful State for a neighbor. But those who know the English public best are aware that it may never be so safely depended upon to neglect its own interests as when the fortunes of foreign nations reach a crisis. Its hatred and its friendship are entirely determined by sentiment. It likes to see a despotism depressed, without pondering whether the sovereign in trouble may one day be a useful ally, and it surrenders itself to enthusiasm for a nation struggling to be free, without a thought of possible disturbances of the balance of power. Never were more direct appeals made to the English sense of self-interest than those which come from the seceding American States, and never were the interests at stake of vaster importances to us; yet the seceders have not seduced a dozen Englishmen into sympathy with their revolt, or impaired in the slightest degree the universal wish that their ambition may be disappointed. And if the country deserves credit for having withstood the bribe of cheap cotton, still more does the greatest part of it merit praise for not having exulted at events which are, morally speaking, a sounding-slap in the face to Mr. Bright.

We cannot, indeed, prevent this passage in American history from carrying its own moral. We cannot refuse to see what comes of "five-and-twenty millions of men, with their eyes in their faces and not in their backs," with no army, a perfect government, and a Quaker Pennsylvanian President. But blood is thicker than water, and the confutation of an English demagogue is felt to be less important than the maintenance of the sister-State which is yoked with us to the chariot of freedom.

We have had many practical warnings against interpreting too confidently news of the sort which has recently been arriving from America, but the latest intelligence seems to show that the chances of a compromise have somewhat increased. It has not escaped notice that the States which have last seceded have so framed their instrument of secession as to keep alive all branches of federal administration within their borders, and Northern critics have naturally considered this contrivance as a significant hint that the revolting government is not unwilling to receive overtures from the still cohering Union. Meanwhile, the withdrawal of so many Southern senators and representatives, though it has given the command of both Houses of Congress to the Republicans, has had the effect of advancing the scheme of compromise which will probably preserve the central States to the Union, and which is likely, after some demur, and perhaps not without some bloodshed, to be accepted by the seceders. The probability, on the whole, is, that Mr. Crittenden's arrangement, though postponed for the moment, will ultimately be carried through Congress—a plan which makes the constitution expressly legalize such claims of the South as the majority of the Northerners already admit to be proper deductions from constitutional law, while it reserves to the North that share of the territories which was universally supposed to belong to it till the unhappy disputes about Kansas broke out. The only modification of this proposal which is likely to command assent is one which will postpone the causes of future quarrel or heartburning for a still longer period, by at once erecting all the existing territories of the Federation into two great States, one to consist of slave-soil and the other of free, with provision for parting them afterwards into smaller subdivisions.

Mr. Crittenden's project, after being adopted by Congress, will require the concurrent vote of three-fourths of the separate state Legislatures, and here, no doubt, is the greatest difficulty which it has to overcome. There is said to be no doubt of its accept-

ance with the Slave-States which have not yet left the Union, for they will probably be glad of any excuse for declining to follow their rebellious sisters. Similarly, the powerful States which lie immediately on the north of the dividing line, and which, free as they are, are not fanatically hostile to slavery, will be ready to concede claims which they have never denied or disallowed. But it is very doubtful whether any terms will be listened to by the free States of the distant North-west, or by the more determined members of the New England group, such as Vermont and Maine, the majority of whose citizens have nearly arrived at the conclusion that slavery is not so much a public misfortune as a national sin. As the dissent of the seceders must be presumed, a very few more dissidents will render it impossible to obtain the majority required by the Constitution for its own amendment.

But even though Mr. Crittenden's compromise should be adopted by Congress, and by three-fourths of the state Legislatures, and even though the seceding States should be brought under the remodelled Constitution, there will remain, as it seems to us, one fatal flaw in the reconstructed Union which will effectually prevent its recovering the honorable place among the political systems of the world which it has occupied hitherto. What is to be understood as to the right of secession itself? We have not seen, among the crowd of projects which Congress has discussed, any proposal for declaring the Federation perpetual and indissoluble; nor is there any prospect that the South would consent to the affirmation of this great point; and yet, unless this principle is settled, what will be the worth of the United States' Government in future? The natural inference from all that has taken place—from the secession, and from its termination under compromise—will be that South Carolina and her confederates were perfectly justified in the course they adopted. It will apparently be an accepted doctrine that eventualities may always present themselves in which the withdrawal of a State from the Union will be legitimate. It will be in the discretion of each individual State to judge whether it is so aggrieved by the policy of the general government that the time for applying the ultimate lawful remedy has arrived. If this be so, the system of the United States, which has hitherto been considered one of the best, must submit to be regarded as one of the worst of human constructions. There will be but one known Constitution to which it will bear any resemblance—the Constitution of the Polish Diet. From Maine to Florida, each State will have its *liberum veto*; and, as in the

case of Poland, a dissentient will always have to be bought off by a compromise pernicious to the interests of the majority. It must not be supposed that, because in any arrangement now likely to be effected pretexts for quarrel on the subject of slavery will probably be removed or thrown far into futurity, there are no other disputed questions which may grow into vast importance when the power of withdrawal is once legalized. Pennsylvania will always be an iron-forging State; the New England States, with their denser population, will always be trying to weave and spin; and for both the iron and the cloth a market in the South and North-West will always be an object of first necessity, while the South and North-West will always prefer purchasing in those European markets in which their corn and cotton are sold. Twice before the present crisis arrived, the stability of the Federation was endangered by interests embarked in foreign commerce. In 1812, the New England States threatened to secede rather than allow their trade with Great Britain to be interrupted, and twenty years afterwards, South Carolina "nullified" an obnoxious protective tariff. In both cases the mutineers against central authority were overwhelmed with disgrace, but it is easy to see in how different a light such attempts will show themselves when once secession has become a recognized mode of redressing grievances instead of an outbreak of insolent disloyalty.

From The Saturday Review, 9 Feb.
THE FRENCH ARMAMENTS.

THE memorable letter to Count Persigny was written when measures of national defence were under the consideration of the House of Commons. In that letter, the emperor adverted to the prevailing apprehension that he was increasing his armaments; and he denied the imputation, "in every sense," with the solemnity of a man speaking on his personal honor. We ventured at the time, little regardful of politeness, but not, as we thought, without good grounds, to question the emperor's denial. Most of our contemporaries of the press were of a different mind, holding that an emperor who was so condescending as to speak to us in familiar terms could not be unvarnished. It seems that people cannot realize the existence of a man totally emancipated from certain restraints, and capable of saying on every occasion that which is convenient for his purposes, and of saying it in the manner which is most calculated to procure belief. It is a repetition of the encounter between the English diplomatists of the time of Elizabeth and their Spanish adversaries, as we

see it recorded in the archives brought to light by Mr. Motley. Burleigh and his colleagues were not without an inkling that a certain amount of perfidy might be expected from men stained with perjury and massacre. But for absolute, thorough-going, shameless perfidy and mendacity they were not prepared; and their vigilance was still beguiled by the cordial assurances of kings and princes pawning their personal honor when the gloss of official deceit was gone. Still hoping, still half believing that the Spanish empire was "peace," they negotiated while the Armada lay ready in port, and till it appeared on their shores. The alarming increase of the French armaments is now admitted on all hands. Every day brings us news of some addition to the colossal army of a nation which no one threatens, while the arsenals ring with preparations for war with some maritime State. The time for concealment is gone by, and the emperor's speech wastes no words in further dissimulation on this subject. The question now is, against whom are these armaments intended?

We have always taken a view of Louis Napoleon's character somewhat different from that which commonly prevails. He is usually supposed to be a supernaturally farsighted man, who lays his plans long beforehand, matures them in silence, profoundly calculates the means necessary for their execution, and adheres to them through all difficulties and accidents with inflexible tenacity. We have always maintained, on the contrary, that he is a man of very ordinary capacity, terrible to the world only because he happens to hold the trigger which would fire a destructive mine—restlessly addicted, indeed, to conspiracies, cunning, and, up to a certain point, inventive, but very far from long-sighted or profound in his calculations, wanting in promptness of decision, and somewhat infirm of purpose. The dagger of the Carbonari, levelled at his breast, sent him to Italy; but he never knew exactly what he would do when he got there, as his recent bewilderments have sufficiently proved. The conventional view of his genius required that his conduct towards the Italians during the last six months should be styled "inscrutable;" and it was styled inscrutable on all hands accordingly. But it was, in fact, only perplexed and wavering. One line of action was all the time crossing another line of action, and both were marred by the complication. We do not doubt that the emperor's head is full of schemes—the accumulation of a life of plots and of long broodings in solitary imprisonment; but we doubt whether he has any grand plan, or whether he even understands the Europe in

which he is acting, and which is not that of the First Empire. He has intrigues going on everywhere—in Hungary, in Spain, in Belgium, in the Rhine Provinces, in Turkey, in Egypt, with the seditious Irish press, with a factitious leader of the English Opposition. He strives at influence for himself on all sides; but we suspect that, like a magpie stealing spoons, he scarcely knows what use is to be made of all this influence when it is accumulated.

It does not seem to us incredible, therefore, that these vast armaments should be raised without any definite objects beyond those of commanding the situation, and of having the power to take advantage of any opportunity that may present itself in the disturbed state of the world. The waters are troubled, and the tunny-fisher prepares his tackle to fish for tunnies. This, according to our hypothesis of the emperor's character, is a possible supposition. At the same time, it is rational to suppose that he has his eye on something. Probably it is Syria, or the Rhine Provinces, or both. Those who doubted whether the disturbances in Syria were entirely unexpected, and whether the reluctance of the emperor to follow in the steps of General Bonaparte was quite so great as he professed, were at the time exposed to derision. Now, we presume, it may be taken that the mask is off. Hard by Syria stands Egypt, long prepared by assiduous intrigue for the desired opportunity, and than which, lying as it does across our overland route to India, no offering would be more acceptable to French vanity and resentment. It is difficult to assign any reason for the enormous increase of the maritime armaments of France, unless they are intended to cover some operations offensive to a great maritime power. A nearer object of ambition, however, is probably opening on the Rhine. We know the offer that was made to the emperor of Austria at Villafranca. We know the doctrine "unofficially" promulgated, that should Germany presume to become united, France would be compelled to take from her a part of her territory. The disastrous condition of Austria, by giving for the time an undisputed primacy to Prussia, has in effect produced something very like the contingency on the occurrence of which the forfeiture was to be exacted. Just at this conjuncture, the old dispute between Germany and Denmark breaks out again; and Denmark, the traditional tool of French intrigue, exhibits a confident pugnacity suggestive of the idea that she has behind her some force much larger than her own. The summer may call upon us to decide the question whether, having squandered ninety millions in preventing Turkey

from being partitioned by Russia, we shall sit by and allow Germany to be partitioned by France.

But we need not scrutinize the special designs of the existing ruler of France to prove that all nations must be on their guard, and that the advocates of retrenchment must be compelled for the present to lay their hands on something less vital than the national defences. The danger is of a more certain and palpable kind. It arises from the magnitude and spirit of the army, and from the temper of the French people. No army approaching in magnitude and spirit to the French has ever been kept on foot for any length of time without being employed, failing other occupations, in foreign war. An army not a fifth part as strong, accumulated by the father of Frederick the Great, was the direct cause of the Seven Years' War. Where great armies have been kept long on foot without becoming formidable to the world, they have either had (like our own) an extended empire to guard, or, like the Austrian, disaffected prov-

inces to hold down. Nor has any nation ever possessed such means of aggression as the French now possess without desiring to use them for the gratification of its ambition. We now know, beyond all doubt, that the cause of Louis Philippe's fall was not his enmity to liberty, which has been trampled on with impunity by his successor, but his failure to employ the great military power at his disposal in making France the terror of the world. It may be true that the commercial spirit is on the increase among the French people. But many a year must still pass before the commercial spirit will animate or control the Zouave. To deprecate a war between France and England is like deprecating a pestilence or an earthquake. But the restoration of the military empire meant war; and we, unhappily, have done our best to increase the power of the common enemy and aggravate the common danger by a dereliction, repented now that it is too late, of English principles, of English policy, and of English honor.

THE Second Part of "Select Papyri, in the Hieratic Character, from the Collections in the British Museum," published by the trustees, with a learned introduction from the pen of Mr. Birch contains nineteen plates, marvellously lithographed in fac-simile by Mr. Netherclift, from the Abbott and D'Orbiney Papyri; viz., nine from the former and ten from the latter. The D'Orbiney Papyri were purchased by the trustees in 1857, and are singularly interesting; being, in fact, an Egyptian book, and the subject a romance or novel, the earliest with which we have as yet become acquainted. It has been called by Mr. Goodwin, "The Romance of the Two Brothers." The story, at the commencement, closely resembles that of Joseph and Potiphar's wife; but it afterwards branches off into the mystic and supernatural. "It is of considerable interest," says Mr. Birch, "as showing the extraordinary notions entertained by the Egyptians about the transmigration of the soul; its connection with the heart; the power of speech possessed by brutes; and the direct interposition of the gods in human events." The plot of the tale is simple; the narrative continues in a straightforward, inartificial manner to detail the story. The dialogue is short and monotonous; and the whole bears so much similarity to an Eastern tale of the present day, that, with the change of names and a few embellishments, it might be imagined to be one of the Buddhist novels of China, or of the celebrated "Thousand and One Nights." It may be added, that this is the same story that was described

and commented upon by Mr. Goodwin in the last volume of the "Cambridge Essays," published in 1858.—*Athenaeum*.

WHEN the drinking usages were prevalent, the desire for mental improvement was necessarily limited. The country laird seldom troubled himself with book literature, and the more inquiring only made a practise of scanning the columns of the weekly newspaper: 'The Earl of A——, who, like Lord Nairne, had long found an asylum in France from the consequences of his joining in the Rebellion of 1745, acquired there some taste for perusing the public journals. On the reversal of his forfeiture he returned to his family estates, but spent his remaining years in seclusion. His chief enjoyment consisted in mastering the contents of the weekly newspaper, and in thereafter retailing the principal items of intelligence to his household. Every evening, precisely as the clock struck eight, his lordship descended from his usual apartment to the servants' hall, where, leaning himself on the butler's chest, he detailed the narrative of public events, with comments and criticisms of his own. The father of the writer, who assisted the parochial clergyman, was on one occasion an unseen auditor of his lordship's evening relations, and the scene was, according to his description, worthy of a sketch by Wilkie. Not to lose the satisfaction of being chronicler to his household, his lordship was in the habit of committing his newspaper to the flames so soon as he had finished the perusal.—*Rogers' Scottish Character*.

From The Saturday Review.

SKATING, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SKATING is, perhaps, the only amusement the full fruition of which is confined to the upper classes. There is no pursuit so purely idle, and gay, and aristocratic. To skate well requires long practice; and opportunities of practice are in the hands of those only who can dispose of part of their time at pleasure. In the metropolis, it is true there are very few of the middle classes who are unable to afford an occasional afternoon in the parks; but the gift of cutting figures is never innate, and its development requires many days and much patience. Hence, as a general rule, gentlemen alone skate well, and at present our oldest skaters are certainly not our worst. The crowd who assemble at the margin of the lake to applaud the mystic grace of a "serpent," or the easy audacity of a "back entire," declare for the most part that the young men are prodigies of elegance, but that the heroes of former days are still as unsurpassed as ever. This constant practice, and the superior quality of material, are the only advantages which one class has over another; and yet there is hardly a district in the skating world where the lower orders think it worth while, even where ice and time abound, to make the most of their opportunities, and cultivate good skating for its own sake.

The country which arrogates to itself more than any other the title of a "nation of skaters" is Holland. This is not due to a very low winter temperature, for the average reading of the thermometer is not much lower at Amsterdam than at London; but the semi-aquatic character of the whole country, with its system of canals, far more extensive than the necessities of communication involve, gives larger facilities for skating than any region of a like climate enjoys. It is strange that Englishmen should so seldom visit Holland in winter. Weather is never certain, but it is less variable on the Continent than in England; and the absence of an encompassing Gulf Stream will sometimes just make the difference of temperature which will allow the ice to bear. The wet and thaw of Monday week presented itself in Holland in the shape of rain which froze as fast as it came down, envel-

oping every twig and roof, and even every blade of grass, with an icy coating half an inch in thickness. Those who are not likely to travel in the arctic regions, and cannot command at home twenty or thirty miles of ice in any direction they wish, would sometimes do well to explore scenes wonderfully picturesque, and full, if the season do but favor them, of grand opportunities for the exercise which is *par excellence* "exhilarating." The chief deterring reason lies in the difficulty of transit. Even if twenty hours at sea were agreeable at Christmas time, the Rotterdam navigation is nevertheless impossible when the frost has once set in, and the long circuit by Antwerp and Dordrecht is tiresome in the extreme. Still, from the moment of entering Holland, every thing is new. For example, the first stage from the point where the railroad terminates is a steamboat passage of one or two miles, across, and partly along, one of the wide channels by which the Meuse finds its way to the sea. Moerdijk—or, as spelt by the natives, Moerdijk—is the starting-point, and conveys a strange picture to any one who does not happen to have made the North-west passage. There is a little harbor, with some sheds, and a few colliers imprisoned in their winter quarters, all shrouded in snow; and it is just possible to view from the steamer the tops of the willows and limes. Further than this, there is nothing but the river to be seen. There are great masses of ice, piled upon one another like small icebergs—thick, strong packs of ice, sweeping down with the stream, and marking the hope of transit—fresh ice, frozen since last night, smooth and sharp and ubiquitous. Presently the voyage begins. The paddles have never ceased to turn, to keep the vessel from freezing to its place for the season; and now they revolve in earnest. First comes the new frozen surface of the night. The passengers and crew assemble on deck, and heel the boat on one side as soon as the difficulty begins. "Over!" cries the captain; and all trot across to the other side of the deck. Again the signal is repeated, and they cross again, and run backwards and forwards till the passage clears. Then, perhaps, a great "floe"—if such be the correct expression—appears ahead, with no inlet at all. A minute, and the boat is

into it, with a noise like a shipwreck; and like a shipwreck, too, is the crushing of the frozen mass, the straining of the vessel, the hollow grinding of its side against the floating enemy, till at last, by swaying and steaming, after long patience and hard rubs, the little voyage is over for the day, and the traveller botakes himself to his miserable diligence till the next and almost stranger *trajet* at Dort.

Any one who expects to see in Holland the realization of all the skating pictures with which our galleries teem, will be greatly disappointed. In the first place, travelling by means of skates is, though common, far from universal. Often two or three men and women may be seen going to or returning from the nearest village, on the business of the day; but in the most civilized parts of the country, railways have in great measure superseded the ice, and in the least civilized there is no very ardent desire for travel. The positive ignorance which the peasants will display about the direction of their canal, and its powers of bearing is quite astonishing. Accordingly, the towns and hamlets on the route are always alive with skaters, but the intermediate tracts are often perfectly desolate. Again, the skating is not generally so good as we are accustomed to conceive. The refinements of figure-skating are so seldom practised, that it is possible to travel twenty miles and not come twice on the mark of an "eight," or witness the performance of a "three." A few of the simplest figures in the English *répertoire* will be sufficient to collect a crowd at Haarlem or Utrecht. The fact is, that much forward skating is inconsistent with an easy and graceful deportment. The chief ambition of the Dutch gentlemen is that peculiar attitude so often represented in the paintings, in which the arms are crossed, the body is thrown forward, and, since it is forced over on the outside edge far more than with us, it follows that the leg which is not supporting the body must be thrown out wide to keep the balance true. The genuine English "roll," with the leg firm and straight, the body well upright, the hands by the side, and the pendent leg close in to its fellow, is hardly to be seen in Holland. The position of travelling has also something of the same type. In the

"run" of the Dutch peasant, the body is quite in front of the feet, the knees are depended upon far too much, and the hands are freely worked. As far as a few days' experience will warrant a decision, we should be inclined to prefer, without hesitation, the posture of the English fen-skater. Both, no doubt, will strike from the foot, not the toe—indeed, it is impossible to attain any great speed unless the actual push is made from the edge of the skate, and not by a slide of its forward part. But the skater at Ely and Wisbeach will hold his body as upright as at a dance, and his arms straight from shoulder to wrist, only moving the body massively, but not obliquely, to and fro, while the legs are darted out sideways with astonishing rapidity, the work being mainly done by the hips. We have never been fortunate enough to notice more than one day's skating in Holland before a strong wind, but we are very much mistaken if there are many men within a hundred miles of Amsterdam who could compete with the fen-skater in his half-mile burst at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

If, then, we affirm confidently that there is better skating at London and Paris than anywhere else in the world—that such displays as have been presented on the Serpentine during the past week could not be surpassed or equalled at St. Petersburg or Stockholm, at the Hague or Montreal—it is not an idle boast. If rope-dancing were equally fashionable and distinguished, we should soon become equal proficient in the art. We are richer, and can afford the time; and perhaps, too, from having less ice we prize it more. Russia and Sweden have their skating all the winter through. The Baltic may freeze over, and high-roads be formed across it, and sea be land for months together; but the poor people for the most part do not care to skate, and the nobles, with few exceptions, do not care to skate well. Of course the shape of the instrument is of great importance, and here we are clearly superior. What can the skater of St. Petersburg do, with his iron two feet long, but lean over it and execute a push which may be just as effectual if the edge be half as long? In Holland the skate is not so extravagantly made; but if a nation will persist in wearing pieces of iron five

inches beyond the foot, and sharp at the heel, it is hopeless to expect them to figure neatly or safely. There is, however, a great difference between the rich and poor. Among the latter, an English skate creates an interest quite unaccountable; and the absence of the clumsy beak, and the simple contrivance of the screw—now, after all, abandoned by the revolutionists of the Skating Club—fill them with boundless wonder. The common skate of the country is fastened in a way which is worth mentioning for its simplicity. Instead of a heel-strap there is a loop of cord, which is not fastened in front, but remains behind the foot. At the front there is one strap passing through the wood; the end of this is thrown across the foot, and passed through the loop before spoken of; it then is brought across the instep, again catches the same loop at the other side of the foot, thus drawing it tight, and once more crosses the foot to join its own buckle. This, with a slight notching in the heel, hardly sufficient to enter the leather, is the only ligature that is thought necessary; and it certainly has the merit of a very rapid adjustment. In the larger towns, however, the English fashion is generally adopted, though the rounded heel has hardly made its appearance yet.

There is, of course, much in Holland besides the skating which is worth seeing. Few will come away without treasured memories of the two great galleries of art, or without a vivid recollection of the quaint sights and sounds of the cities. There are the sledges gaudily tricked out, half arm-chair, half rocking-horse—the bells playing the hours like musical-boxes—the scenes at the roadside inns, where the vrow will busy herself about the tea, or cut petrified cabbage for what can hardly be culinary objects, and the children, wrapped into globularity, will do their best to make themselves generally useless; while the good man of the house will fold his arms with an air of profound satis-

faction, and evidently consider his part as played to the full if he lend to the arrangements that patronage and protecting supervision which is so indispensable to a well-ordered and solid household. But it is of the ice and of skating that we are speaking at present. A casual winter visit has—not dangers, indeed, as in the snowstorms on the Norway fiords, but a few hardships, and those mixed with amusement. The system of canals is very perfect for purposes of touring; the chief hotels are all good, if it were not for damp beds; the language is a stumbling-block in the country districts, but English, and still more French, is widely spread in the towns. If any English amateur is tired of the Serpentine, and is strong enough in constitution to bear a little more roughing than usual—if he can contemplate cheerfully the water freezing on the panels of his railway-carriage when it is full of passengers, with the sun shining in at the windows—if he does not mind the possibility of spending an hour on a river in a snow-storm, working a boat across and over the ice by dint of pole and hook—if he is content to take the chance of finding himself some evening benighted on a canal which leads he does not know where, with ice of doubtful security, while an easterly tempest is numbing his fingers, blinding his eyes, covering him from head to foot with ice, and drifting the loose snow across his path—or of retiring for shelter in the smallest of inns, with the hope of half a damp Dutch bed, and the alternative of a stretch by the public stove—he will not be unrewarded for his adventurous fortitude. He will earn the experience of a new strange land in a garb in which few other lands can be seen, and perhaps reap that most delightful of all mortal joys—a free roll from very side to side of a broad sheet of water, the wind blowing fair from behind, with the ice as firm as marble and as smooth as glass.

From The Spectator.

THE LIFE OF DR. SCORESBY.*

THIS Life very nearly approaches the nature of an autobiography, for its materials have been gathered chiefly from the voluminous writings of its subject, and the language is as much as possible his own. Dr. Scoresby's personal history may be traced to a great extent year by year, by means of his ninety-one published works and papers, the earliest of which, *Meteorological Journals kept in the Greenland Seas*, was begun in 1807, in his eighteenth year: and the latest, the *Journal of his Voyage to Australia*, was published after his death. But, besides these printed records, he left in manuscript a valuable autobiographical sketch of his early days, written in the Greenland Seas, between the years 1821 and 1823. The story gathered from these, and a few supplementary sources, is that of a lifetime abounding in adventure, as full as it could well have been of professional labor, first as a seaman, afterwards as a working clergyman, and yet signally rich in contributions to abstract and applied science.

William Scoresby, the son of the most successful whaling captain of Whitby in his day, was born in that town in 1789. His boyhood gave little indication of his aptitude for the toils and hazards of arctic navigation, to which the first half of his active life was devoted with such brilliant results. Nature seemed rather to have designed him for the more tranquil sphere of duty to which he ultimately transferred himself, for "physically, he was tall, weak, and delicate in constitution; mentally, he was timid, anxious, and scrupulously conscientious." The first schoolmaster under whom this puny and over-sensitive boy was placed, was a ruffian as cruel as Squeers, who, not content with a merciless use of the ordinary means of punishment, was in the daily habit of subjecting his pupils to actual torture, such as suspending them by a cord round their thumbs, with only their toes on the ground. Madness or idiocy must have been young Scoresby's fate if he had remained long under the terror of this inhuman discipline, but a happy impulse prompted him to escape from it in rather a singular manner. When he was

only ten years old, he hid himself on board his father's vessel just as it was clearing out of Whitby Roads, and the pilot was about to return to shore; and, fortunately for the boy, Captain Scoresby allowed him to proceed on the voyage. During the next three years, he was almost constantly at school; but, in 1803, he shipped with his father as an apprentice, and in 1806, though not more than sixteen years of age, he was able to fill the place of chief officer. The voyage of that year was among the most remarkable on record; for the approach to the ordinary fishing-grounds being occupied by ice of unusual thickness, Captain Scoresby conceived and executed the daring project of pushing his ship through the compact and apparently impenetrable barrier which reached from 78° 46' to 79° N. There they entered upon open water, which "has not before or since been navigated," and sailed in it as far as 19° E. 81° 30' N.

After this voyage, Mr. Scoresby entered the university of Edinburgh in the autumn of the same year, and diligently profited by the lectures of Hope and Playfair until two months before the close of the session, when his sea duties withdrew him from studies to which he was not able to return until November, 1809. Meanwhile, he engaged in temporary service of a new kind, by which he enlarged the range of his nautical experience. After the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, our government called upon all seamen, especially those engaged in the Greenland trade, to aid in bringing the fleet captured from the Danes into a British port. The Whitby sailors all believed that this was a scheme for impressing them, and not one of them volunteered until Mr. Scoresby set the example, when they immediately came forward, to the number of fifty-four in one day. The vessel in which he sailed, having anchored in Copenhagen Roads, in the midst of a fleet of nearly a thousand sail of ships of war and transports, Mr. Scoresby was, much to his disappointment, put in command of one of the enemy's gunboats, with a crew of six men. His expectation of learning the discipline and management of the navy seemed frustrated by this event; besides, he was satisfied that the Danish gunboats, adapted only for plying in the shallows, could not be made seaworthy. Eventually, they were abandoned, but not

* *The Life of William Scoresby, M.A., D.D., F.R.S., &c.* By his Nephew, R. E. Scoresby-Jackson, M.D. Published by Nelson and Sons.

until Mr. Scoresby and his crew had been all but dragged under water and swamped by the tow of Captain Bligh's ship, the *Alfred*.

During the eight days he spent on board this ship, Mr. Scoresby fully enjoyed the instructive opportunity of which he had been for awhile deprived by his appointment to the gunboat. The order and comfort in the internal arrangements of the ship were highly pleasing to him, but not so were "the horrid blasphemies and general wickedness of the crew, and the daily instances of punishment." Captain Bligh, as was afterwards too notorious, was a very severe disciplinarian, but always just according to his conception of naval discipline; but, when Mr. Scoresby was transferred in Yarmouth Roads to a prize ship under the first lieutenant, he had ample experience of what naval life must have been in many a ship in the good old times. The lieutenant was a drunken savage, who nearly wrecked his ship, and flogged his men, in violation of every principle of justice and humanity. "One man received three dozen lashes, because a rope in his hand ran foul—another, two dozen, because he could not lie out on the topsail yard without being thrown off by the top-sail, which was not properly secured—and a third was flogged in three successive weeks, because the men under his charge, but over whom he could exercise no control, were not active in their duty." Under such a commander, the unfortunate crew naturally became desperate and reckless. They would take a lighted candle to the door of the magazine, which was unguarded, and on being cautioned of the danger, they would reply, "What matter? They cared not if the ship were blown up, and all on board were destroyed together." After fifty days spent on board this floating hell, Mr. Scoresby was paid off at Portsmouth, and received £11 19s. 2d., as bounty, travelling money, and wages, for three months' service, plus the warm commendations of the port admiral for his patriotic zeal. "Thus," he says, "ended an adventurous and trying voyage—a voyage in which I voluntarily submitted to every service and privation of the commonest sailors, though being furnished with introductory letters, from naval officers of some consideration, I might probably have fared better had I made use of them; but I was wishful to take my chance in the ordinary way, that

I might have a better opportunity, by personal experience, of learning the discipline of the navy, and the duties expected from a seaman in that service." He had entered upon the experiment with the belief that, for many branches of seamanship, the navy must be the best school in the world; but his final conviction was, that practical navigation could nowhere be better learned than in the Greenland trade.

In 1810, Mr. Scoresby received his first scientific diploma, being elected a member of the Wernerian Society; and, on his twenty-first birthday in the same year, he was promoted to the command of the *Resolution*, on the retirement of his father. The voyage was exceedingly prosperous, the cargo consisting of thirty whales, which produced about 220 tons of oil, the largest quantity that had ever been taken into the port in one vessel. During the ten years in which this ship was commanded by the Scoresbys (eight by the father and two by the son), she never met with any accident, or suffered the least damage, or failed to exceed the other seven or eight ships in the port in her catch of whales. In these ten ^{with} years, she obtained no less than 249 whales, yielding 2034 tons of oil, which, with the whalebone, etc., produced £70,000, leaving a clear profit to her owners of £20,718, for an original advance of £8,000. In 1811, Captain Scoresby junior married his first wife, Miss Lockwood; and, in 1813, he left the *Resolution* for the *Esk*, a fine newly-built vessel, of the same port. His first voyage in her realized about £10,000, more than half of which was profit; the second was also prosperous; but, during the three following years, fortune deserted him; and, in 1816, it was with extreme difficulty he brought home his rent and disabled ship. His reasoning powers, which served him so well in matters of physical science, being apt to play him false on other grounds, he regarded these misfortunes as Divine warnings against the futility of a life devoted to the pursuit of gain. He began to think of abandoning the sea; but the loss of nearly all the little property he had saved, through the bankruptcy of a friend, compelled him to postpone his design. Meanwhile, amidst his religious delusions, he had prosecuted his scientific researches with his usual acuteness. It was, while sailing in the *Esk* that

he made a curious series of experiments on the temperature of the sea at various depths, by means of a beautiful and accurate instrument of his own invention, which he called a marine diver. It was these experiments which first established the unexpected fact that the temperature of the arctic seas always increases from the surface downwards, whereas in warmer regions it is the reverse. This apparent anomaly is the result of a beautiful arrangement in nature. When salt water is cooled down to $39^{\circ} 5' F.$, it expands in volume, and, consequently, becomes specifically lighter, until it reaches its freezing point, $28^{\circ} 5' F.$; and thus it is insured that the sea shall freeze only on the surface, instead of being converted into a solid mass to the very bottom.

A paper on the Polar Ice, comprising a project for reaching the North Pole by travelling over the ice, was read before the Wernerian Society in the winter of 1814, and caused a good deal of excitement in the philosophical world. Von Buch spoke of the paper and its author in terms of the strongest commendation in a letter to Gay Lussac. It is also incontestible that one of Capt. Scoresby's letters to Sir Joseph Banks, dated the 2d of October, 1817, did, as M. de la Roquette has stated in his memoir of Sir John Franklin, "awaken in England the long dormant projects for attaining the North Pole, and for opening up the North-West Passage." Captain Scoresby would gladly have been employed in such a service; but, though the admiralty resolved to act upon the information given by the Greenland captain, they would not give him the command of a discovery vessel, and he was not disposed to accompany any of their expeditions in a subordinate capacity. Accordingly, he resumed his whaling voyages, which he continued for six years, with the exception of one season spent in Liverpool, while superintending the building of the *Baffin*, and preparing for press his *Account of the Arctic Regions*, which was received, says Basil Hall, with "thirsty interest."

Captain Manby, the inventor of the mortar apparatus for saving the lives of shipwrecked men, accompanied Captain Scoresby to Greenland in 1821, and published an account of the voyage, in which he speaks thus of its commander: "Captain Scoresby appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary men that ever came under my attention, and when I look at his age (being only twenty-nine), I may say the most extraordinary man of his age. I feel in his society

as if I knew nothing; but I feel also that advantages and information may be derived from his experience and judgment not to be met with from any other source. To look at him with the eye of scrutiny, there is no particular clue to discover his great mind and vast scientific acquirements. The habits and conduct of his life possesses uncommon evenness, and in the truest sense of the word he is a real good man, most religious, and extremely amiable." Captain Manby's purpose in visiting the Greenland fisheries was to prove the utility of a harpoon-gun, an explosive shell, and several harpoons of a new construction. Their utility was fatal to them, for it was held to be inimical to vested interests, the argument being that if the new apparatus came into general use, every man who could point a gun could act as a harpooner.

In his last whaling voyage but one, that of 1822, the unusually open state of the water enabled Captain Scoresby to land on the eastern coast of Greenland, which had been blocked up with impassable ice ever since the fourteenth century, and to survey it to the extent of four hundred miles, from $69^{\circ} 30'$ to $72^{\circ} 30' N.$ He saw no inhabitants, but the traces of them he met with, not being entirely those of an uncivilized race, seemed to him to indicate that the descendants of the long-lost Norwegian colonists were still in existence. It was on the day he first landed in Greenland, the 24th of July, that Captain Scoresby beheld what must have been to him the most exquisitely delightful of rare optical phenomena. Often as his description of it has been quoted, it will bear repetition.

"On my return to the ship, about eleven o'clock, the night was beautifully fine, and the air quite mild. The atmosphere, in consequence of the warmth, being in a highly refractive state, a great many curious appearances were presented by the land and icebergs. The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of the large bay or inlet, the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind I have before noticed, but the peculiarities of this were the perfection of the image, and the great distance of the vessel that it represented. It was so extremely well defined that, when examined with a telescope, by Dolland, I could distinguish every sail, the general 'rig of the ship,' and its particular character; inasmuch, that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the *Fame*, which it afterwards proved to be, though on comparing notes with my father, I found

that our relative position at the time gave our distance from one another very nearly thirty miles, being about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision."

The death of his wife, during his absence in 1822, probably confirmed the thought Captain Scoresby had long entertained of "taking his land tacks on board." The voyage of 1823 brought his adventures in the arctic region to a close, and began his preparations for the priestly office. Entering Queen's College, Cambridge, as a "ten years' man," being too old to be received in the usual way, he boarded with a country clergyman, who "coached" him so well in the classics that he was able to pass a respectable examination previous to his ordination as curate of Bessingby. This appointment he left within a year for the very appropriate one of chaplain to the Mariner's Church in Liverpool. In 1839, he took his degree of D.D., and was soon afterwards installed vicar of Bradford. Overworked in this charge, and "irreparably injured by the ill-usage" he had received at the hands of his parishioners, he resigned it in 1846, after a six months' tour in Canada and the States, the chief fruit of which was a proposal to the Bradford manufacturers to improve the condition of the female operatives by means suggested by his visit to Lowell. His wife, who had suffered with him, died during his second visit to the States in 1847; and in 1849, he married a third time, and fixed his home at Torquay. There he acted gratuitously as curate of Upton, and continued to write papers for the British Association and to make magnetical investigations, especially with reference to iron ships. Deeply convinced of the practical importance of his views on this subject, he undertook, at the age of sixty-five, to confirm by a voyage to Australia, in an iron ship, the truth of what he had taught respecting the dangerous mutability of magnetism in such vessels, and the necessity of using a compass fixed at the mast-head, as the only sure means of correcting the aberrations of the compass on deck. Leaving Plymouth on board the Royal Charter, in February, 1855, he returned to Liverpool in the August following, having fully accomplished the object of the last of his labors. For the particulars of the voyage, we must refer our readers to his posthumous journal, in which they are fully set forth, contenting ourselves with the following summary of its results, given in a lecture, delivered by Dr. Scoresby, at Whitby, soon after his return to England—

"I have stated that a sip at Melbourne

would have her magnetic condition, according to my theory, turned upside down. The upper part of the ship which in England always has southern polarity, and attracts the North pole of the compass, would, in Melbourne, have northern polarity, and repel it. When the Royal Charter left Liverpool, and when she returned, her state might be thus represented—

Stern of vessel.	Deck. Southern magnetism. Northern magnetism. Keel.	Head of vessel.
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"The question is, Was the opposite the case in Melbourne? The first opportunity of trying this was in entering Port Philip, when I found that the upper part of the ship had changed its polarity, and was now northern. On going down the vessel, I found the polarity diminished until, in the middle, there was no polarity. I subsequently found that the longitudinal line of non-polarity was not straight, but waved. Above this line, the North Pole was repelled, below it was attracted. My theory was verified. Every thing that in Liverpool was northern was now southern. This went so far that the pillars, anchor-stocks, and standards of the upper parts, instead of having southern polarity, had in every case northern polarity. Every principle I had asserted was completely verified. The compasses were adjusted on the very ingenious principle of the Astronomer Royal, the errors being compensated by antagonistic magnets in England. Exactly as I had said before the British Association in 1846, these compasses not exactly ceased to be useful, but they actually went further wrong than any others on board. Every principle of a compass aloft, as the only means of a safe guidance, was fully established. If he cannot combat with an enemy, a wise general gets as far away from him as he can. In our compass aloft, we had our perfect guide and standard of reference at all times. We always knew what course the Royal Charter was steering, and never had the slightest doubt, notwithstanding the changes going on in other parts of the ship."

Anxiety about the issue of his undertaking, too great fatigue and exposure of body throughout the voyage, and want of due repose after his return, probably accelerated the progress of the malady which had taken hold of Dr. Scoresby before his departure. After delivering several lectures in Edinburgh in the winter of 1856, a sudden seizure of illness compelled him to return to Torquay, where he died of disease of the heart on the 21st of March, 1857. He had exhausted the frail remnant of a well-spent life in the service of humanity.

824 ODE ON THE MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

ODE ON OCCASION OF THE MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

I.

HATH not the morning dawned with added light?
And will not evening cast another star
Out of the infinite regions of the night,
To mark this day in heaven? At last, we are
A nation among nations; and the world
Shall soon behold in many a distant port
Another flag unfurled!

Now, come what may, whose favor need we
court?

And, under God, whose thunder need we fear?

Thank Him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands run
All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the year,
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service wield

Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom asher fairy shield,
June flings our azure banner to the wind,
While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now, be-
hold

Its endless sheets unfold
THE SNOW OF SOUTHERN SUMMERS! Let the
earth

Rejoice!—beneath those fleeces soft and warm
Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep,

As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and arctic storm!

II.

And what, if mad with wrongs themselves have
wrought,

In their own treachery caught,
By their own fears made bold,
And leagued with him of old,

Who long since in the limits of the North
Set up his evil throne, and warred with God—
What if, both mad and blinded in their rage,
Our foes should fling us down their mortal gage,
And with a hostile step profane our sod!

We shall not shrink, my brothers, but go forth
To meet them, marshalled by the Lord of Hosts,
And overshadowed by the mighty ghosts
Of Moultrie and of Eutaw—who shall foil
Auxiliars such as these? Nor these alone,

But every stock and stone
Shall help us; but the very soil,
And all the generous wealth it gives to toil,
And all for which we love our noble land,
Shall fight beside, and through us, sea and
strand,

The heart of woman, and her hand,
Tree, fruit, and flower, and every influence,
Gentle or grave or grand.
The winds in our defence
Shall seem to blow: to us the hills shall lend
Their firmness and their calm;
And in our stiffened sinews we shall blend
The strength of pine and palm!

III.

Look where we will, we cannot find a ground
For any mournful song:

Call up the clashing elements around.
And test the right and wrong!
On one side, pledges broken, creeds that lie,
Religion sunk in vague philosophy,
Empty professions, pharisaic leaven,
Souls that would sell their birthright in the sky
Philanthropists who pass the beggar by,
And laws which controvert the laws of Heaven
And, on the other—first, a righteous cause!

Then, honor without flaws,
Truth, Bible reverence, charitable wealth,
And for the poor and humble, laws which give
Not the mean right to buy the right to live,
But life, and home, and health.

To doubt the issue were distrust in God!
If in his Providence he hath decreed
That to the peace for which we pray,
Through the Red Sea of War must lie our way,
Doubt not, O brothers, we shall find at need
A Moses with his rod!

IV.

But let our fears—if fears we have—be still,
And turn us to the future! Could we climb
Some Alp in thought, and view the coming time,
We should indeed behold a sight to fill

Our eyes with happy tears!
Not for the glories which a hundred years
Shall bring us; not for lands from sea to sea,
And wealth, and power, and peace, though these
shall be;

But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
And the hushed murmurs of a world's distress:
For, to give food and clothing to the poor,

The whole sad planet o'er,
And save from crime its humblest human door,
Our mission is! The hour is not yet ripe
When all shall see it, but behold the type
Of what we are and shall be to the world,
In our own grand and genial Gulf Stream furled,
Which through the vast and colder ocean pours
Its waters, so that far-off arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer
seas!

—Charleston Courier.

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